



MARCH 1977  
PRICE \$1.50

# Esquire

## KICKING CARTER WHILE HE'S UP

WHY WAIT FOUR YEARS  
WHEN IN **JUST**  
**FIVE MINUTES**

YOU CAN FIND OUT  
IF YOU'VE BEEN HAD!

**SEX IN THE SIXTIES:**  
**WAS IT AS GOOD**  
**AS THEY TOLD US?**

**HOT NEW**  
**CLOTHES FOR A**  
**SIZZLING SPRING**

**EXCLUSIVE!**  
**ESQUIRE WRITER**  
**BUSTED BY**  
**SECRET POLICE**

**IS ILIE NASTASE**  
**AS NUTS AS HE SEEMS?**

**HOW MEN CAN**  
**GET ALONG**  
**WITHOUT WOMEN—**  
**PAGE 68**



# WIN 69 OUNCES OF SOLID GOLD

WORTH MORE THAN \$10,000\*



**\*GRAND PRIZE:**  
69 1-oz. gold ingots,  
purchased for \$30,515.95  
from Rodman & Weyn  
of New York, NY  
November 10, 1978.



**69 SECOND PRIZES:**  
34 1/2-oz. gold pendant  
with 1 1/4-oz. gold ingot  
on 18-inch, 39-in. yellow  
gold chain.



**69 THIRD PRIZES:**  
34 1/2-oz. gold bracelet  
with 1 1/4-oz. gold  
ingot. Suitable for men  
or women.

## CONTEST RULES

1. On an official entry blank or plain  
piece of paper, complete this head-  
line in your own words: "Before I  
found Vat 69 Gold, my investments  
in Scotch were not that bold."

Now

Mail your completed headline,  
along with your name and address,  
to: Vat 69 Solid Gold Sweepstakes,  
P.O. Box 69, New York, NY 10046.  
2. You may enter as often as you  
wish, but each entry must be mailed

separately. All entries must be  
received by May 31, 1977.  
3. Winners will be selected by  
random drawing under the super-  
vision of Marston-Kane, Inc., an  
independent judging organization,  
whose decisions are final. All prizes  
will be awarded and winners will be  
notified by mail. Only one prize per  
family. All applicable terms are the  
sole responsibility of the prize  
winners. The odds of winning are

dependent upon the number of  
entries received.  
4. Sweepstakes open to residents  
of the United States, 21 years of age  
or over, except employees and the  
families of National Distillers and  
Chemical Corporation, its advertis-  
ing agencies and Marston-Kane,  
Inc. Offer void wherever prohibited  
or restricted by law. All Federal,  
state and local regulations apply.  
NO PURCHASE NECESSARY.

# COMPLETE THIS HEADLINE

(IN YOUR OWN WORDS)

"Before I found Vat 69 Gold, my  
investments in Scotch were not that bold.  
Now \_\_\_\_\_"



"Maybe it was just  
my own golden dream  
to think I could find  
a premium Scotch  
for my money. I tried  
bargains. But nobody  
wanted them. Not  
even me. Then I  
found Vat 69 Gold.

That impressive

Vat Gold label on the outside. A terrific-  
tasting Scotch on the inside. And the  
price tag! Eureka! At last I found a  
premium Scotch whisky that I could  
afford. It's been a smart investment.  
My friends say I've hit a gold mine."



**Vat 69 Gold. The upwardly  
mobile Scotch.**

Bleached Scotch Whisky 60 Proof 50% A.L.C. Imported National Distillers Products Co., New York

Vat 69 Solid Gold Sweepstakes  
P.O. Box 69  
New York, New York 10046

NAME \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

CITY \_\_\_\_\_ STATE \_\_\_\_\_ ZIP \_\_\_\_\_

OFFICIAL ENTRY BLANK

OFFICIAL ENTRY BLANK

# THE LONGER WE BUILD THEM THE LONGER THEY LAST.

If how long a car lasts is any indication of how well it's built, you'll be interested to know that Volvos have been lasting longer.

Latest figures from the Swedish Motor Vehicle Inspection Company show that in the last ten years, the average life expectancy of a Volvo in Sweden has increased by 37%.

We can't guarantee a Volvo will last the same length of time in this country. But it's nice to know the potential for survival is there.

Of course, reducing the speed with which a Volvo travels to the junkyard isn't the only improvement we've made in ten years. We've also found a lot of ways to make that trip safer and more enjoyable.

We've introduced rack and pinion steering because it's surer and more precise.

We've improved our entire suspension system. So you get a smooth ride...even over unimproved roads.

We've redesigned our engines to make them faster and more efficient.

In high-speed passing, the Volvo 264—with its overhead cam V-6—surpasses a BMW 320i. The Volvo 240—with its fuel-injected, overhead cam 4-cylinder engine—out-accelerates a Cutlass with a V-8.

We've also made the inside of a Volvo a more comfortable place to

*In 1966, the average life expectancy of a Volvo in Sweden was 12 years. Latest figures show it's up to 16 years.*

We've added a 12-outlet heating and ventilation system that keeps the air continuously fresh.

In 1964, we introduced orthopedically-designed bucket seats. Which we've been improving ever since.

Volvo seats now adjust in eight different directions. They have lumbar supports that you can firm or soften against the small of your back. And on the Volvo 264, the driver's seat is heated.

When it comes to safety, no one demands more of Volvo than Volvo.

Even the U.S. government is impressed by what we've accomplished.

They recently bought 24 Volvos for a testing program that will help establish safety standards for cars of the future.

What all of this proves is simple.

A Volvo may last a long time.

But you'll get a lot more out of it than years.

**VOLVO**

The car for people who think.





What a way to begin.  
My nose dive down "Beginners Slope"...  
all those jokes at our reception...  
but we had a good time in spite of it all.  
And that's how these last nine years  
seem to me. Yes, plenty of hard times,  
struggles to really get to know each other,  
often three jobs between the two of us...

but through it all, you and I have had a good time. Together.

So now you'll understand the reason for this  
eternity ring. It's saying, Hey, would you marry me  
all over again?



A diamond eternity ring.



# Esquire

MARCH, 1977

VOLUME 87 No. 3 WHOLE No. 520

## ARTICLES

- 52 The Incident Taylor Branch and John Rothchild
- 62 Country's Angels Roy Blount Jr.
- 72 Second Best Peter Fessell
- 83 The Way We Weren't Sara Davidson
- 88 Island Fever Fred Pawledge
- 96 Nasty! Eric Lox
- 100 Solid-State Fun Timothy Ferris

## FEATURES

- 59 Kicking Carter While He's Up!
- 60 Checking Up on Jimmy Paul Slansky and Harry Stein
- 68 Home Economics for Gays
- 80 Chopped Liver for Gentiles Gordon Lieb
- 94 Esquire's Quick Quiz: Who Is This Famous Woman?

## FICTION

- 76 Red Dress, Yellow Dress Kathryn Ungerson

## FASHION

- 100 Our Men in Mexico

## DEPARTMENTS

- 6 Harry Crews: Grits—Cocklighting. An unforgettable wave
- 16 Russell Chisholm: Outdoors—Lord of the flies
- 18 Nora Ephron: Media—A Pulitzer for Mildred A. Pappas
- 20 Sound and Fury—Letters from our readers
- 30 Jean Dixon: The Court—Getty's little home on the highway
- 34 D. Keith Mano: Book Watch—Lehrmann-Haupt, two, three, four...
- 36 Taylor Branch: Washington—Sam Jaffe and the new blacklist
- 44 Backstage with Esquire—The view from within
- 46 Roy Blount Jr.: Gnomes—Dedicated to Fort Hooker, wherever he is

Poetry: pages 14, 24.  
Picture Credits: page 43.  
Cover designed by [illegible], Esquire & Grove Inc.  
Cover photographed by [illegible] Black Star.

Esquire is published weekly by Esquire, Inc., 1230 Sixth Ave., New York, NY 10020. Second-class postage paid at New York, NY, and at additional mailing offices. Postmaster: Send address changes in New York City to Esquire, Inc., 1230 Sixth Ave., New York, NY 10020. Outside New York City to Esquire, Inc., P.O. Box 518, Hightstown, NJ 08520. Second-class postage paid at Hightstown, NJ. POSTMASTER: Please send address changes in New York City to Esquire, Inc., 1230 Sixth Ave., New York, NY 10020. Outside New York City to Esquire, Inc., P.O. Box 518, Hightstown, NJ 08520.



## RUNAROUND WITH A TENNIS TRIO

Get fogged out in the tennis fashion with this terrific Sonoma ensemble. A stylish white cotton tennis shirt fashioned for fun and action plus a Ramona tennis tote is sturdy denim fabric with room for movement, ease of bolts and tie-off closure pocket for gear and... to top it off, a Ramona hat of denim fabric perfect for sun or shade.

Please send me... shirt(s) at \$4.95 each and \$100 postage and handling each. C/S C/M C/L C/XL.

Please send me... hat(s) at \$2.99 each and \$10 postage and handling each. C/S C/M C/L C/XL.

Please send me... Tennis Tote(s) at \$14.95 each and \$17.95 postage and handling each. New York State residents add sales tax. Allow 4-6 weeks delivery.

SEND TO: RONRICO RAMAROUNDS  
PO Box 89066, San Bruno, N.Y. 11737

NAME \_\_\_\_\_  
ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_  
CITY \_\_\_\_\_ STATE \_\_\_\_\_ ZIP \_\_\_\_\_

**RONRICO**  
**REAL RUM**  
GENERAL WHOLESALE IMPORTER: R.F. MC PHERSON  
ESQUIRE MARCH 1977





"Well, like the man says, it's two kind of people in this world. Us that wants a drink and them that don't want us to have one. It's always been like that and I don't see how it's gonna change no time soon. It's some s---bitch forever. Think he knows more about how you oughta run your life than you know 'ya ownself?" He hitched up his pants and then let them fall immediately in where they always rode, low on his thin shanks. He was not, however, talking about whiskey or drinking, but about cock-fighting.

"How long you been a cocker?" I asked.

"My all life. My daddy given me my first chicken when I was twelve year old. Most rooster men that's any

good been in it that long. It don't take but a lifetime to learn it." He was sixty-some years old and in his day had won at pits in the Philippines, Guam, Mexico, South America and Hawaii. Once he had been Cocker of the Year, the elusive title that all serious cockers pursue. Now there are fewer than a dozen states where it is still legal to do what he does best: breed, feed and fight cocks. Today, the bloodier hearts, as he said, were out to stop the flow of chicken blood. Well, they had to do something with their god-damn lives, he reasoned, and they didn't seem to be able to find anything better than to madden in his.

To end his first time at what used to be called a blood fight. It was called a blood fight because the pit was not inside a building and there were no cock houses where the men could keep their chickens while they were waiting to fight. Still, there were cockers there, some all over the Southwest, from Arizona and Texas and New Mexico and from that cock-fighting state in the arena, Oklahoma. Most of them were raising their fortunes, not so much a healthy full retirement. When this President signed 1950 law the Animal Welfare Act Amendments on April 15, 1958, anybody who transported an animal across state lines for purposes of fighting became subject to a fine of not more than \$5,000 or imprisonment for not more than one year, or both.

Animal, in this instance, is defined as any bird or dog or other mammal—except man. Interestingly, that I'm writing this the night after a twenty-year-old-old The Dude, "Little Red" Lopez, fought Don Kiley for a world featherweight championship and beat him. It took thirty-eight strikes to close up Kiley's face. Lopez only needed four. There was never blood in the ring than you'd see from a punch to a forehead in a cockpit.

But don't misunderstand. That's not an attack on the prize ring. Or a defense of cockfighting. I only mean-

tion it because I find it interesting and unconsciously fascinating. There is something in men (and yes, dog ladies, I see that must want to raise you, too, and even your tender children) that loves blood. Though it is a cliché, do all those people go to rodeos to see cars go round and round in mindless roundness? Of course not. They go to see a car get out of shape and snap and on a turn. It makes their own blood more precious to see another man's looking in a fiery collision. Isn't football a blood sport?

I've always been addicted to blood sports of all kinds. And I make no apology for it. Where I come from, we don't confuse animals with people. We don't sleep with poisons or whisper hush-hush to horses.

Cockers know exactly what they are doing and they call it by its right name. When they bring cocks to a pit, they bring along with the cocks their own breeding skill and feeding skill and handling skill. Perhaps most of all, they bring their own integrity. I don't expect many people to sympathize with it or even understand it, but when a man's Kiley or Sheldene or Gray or Whitehouse or Alice Hornbush gets into the pit, he suffers profound humiliation. When a man's cock gets into the pit, that's part of the ritual, too. Perhaps the biggest part. A cocker—a rooster that's been trained to improve the looks of the most—rarely crows, never cocks back and will hit nothing with spar or back. But a game fowl is the ultimate blend of brawn and skill, all of which is instinctively bound up with the man who bred it and fed it and handled it in the pit. I know it is unfathomable to speak openly of such things today, but being unfashionable doesn't cease me to love a lot of things.

The brunch fight was held deep inside a ranch owned by a family of cockers. When I got there shortly after seven, the crowing of roosters—the

## Grits

### Cockfighting: An unfashionable view

## THE WARREN COMMISSION WAS RIGHT



Since Oswald was damn to be right-handed, how come his gun had a left-handed scope? Why does an FBI report claim that Oswald shot the President and ex-Governor Connally—when the Warren Commission says it was a single bullet? And how do you account for the 17 different witnesses—with evidence contrary to the Warren Commission's conclusions—who were found dead or murdered within three years of that sad traumatic day in Dallas?

During a more than that, gripping questions that linger to puzzle and plague us still, in 1976 The Warren Commission right, or all we all victims of the most may we all enlightening coverage in the history of our media.

The editors of Skeptic Magazine recently decided to issue a preliminary, wide-ranging overview of the entire subject, in a special issue entitled "WHO KILLED JFK?" They invited the Commission's discredited advisors—and several critics—to present their pro and con views in a costly no-holds-barred fashion. The result, in the few months since publication, "WHO KILLED JFK?" has become the best-seller in its category, with every likelihood of becoming a political colossus's step in making crimes become harder and harder to know.

Send today for your complimentary issue of Skeptic, "WHO KILLED JFK?"... keep it FREE... no cost... no obligation. If the mailing address you give us is not correct, we will not be able to deliver your issue. If you want to continue receiving Skeptic, you must give us a full year in a very modest \$6.00 for the money. This special anniversary rate is a 50% savings off the regular \$9.00 subscription price! If you decide that Skeptic is not for you, just let us know by writing "cancel" on the subscription envelope and mail the bill back within two weeks. You're entitled to return, but nothing and you're under no further obligation. But the special one-year "WHO KILLED JFK?" is yours to keep FREE as a gift, with no commitment! PLEASE: Specify where a FREE RETURN guarantee is at any time for any reason you're not satisfied. You'll receive a full refund or all unexpired issues. No set policy—you're getting nothing to lose.

## THE GREATEST COVER-UP OF ALL



## DECIDE FOR YOURSELF

which side is closer to the truth—after reading the major arguments, in this history-making

FREE ISSUE of Skeptic Magazine!



The JFK special issue is typical of Skeptic's refreshingly different, totally unbiased approach to matters of national and international import that concern us all. Skeptic is a fully researched, completely non-partisan and wholly independent, every other month publication. Each issue is devoted to subjects of major importance. Past issues, for example, have been devoted to Spying, the Energy Crisis, Crime, and Pollution.

Skeptic is the only magazine that prints only news, takes no sides, and invites you to make up your own mind. You get hard facts, literary and scientific, followed by views from the leading experts in their field. From Barry A. Kaseberg, Theodore H. White and Arthur Schlesinger, Jr. to Eric Hoffer, Clark Mottishaw Cook and Joan Bayard. There are no second guess, no prying in its pages, no color at all, no attempts at propaganda or influence. What you will find is sound, the latest, honest, and

always waiting being published anywhere in the country today. With Skeptic, you have the evidence, the background, the essential information you need to draw your own conclusions, make your own decision. You're briefed. You're informed. Better able to judge for yourself. You're even more valuable to your colleagues and associates... more interesting to your friends.

**skeptic** Subscribed Offices: 2620, Boulder, Colorado 80502

Mail, send me my free issue of Skeptic... no cost, but obligation or commitment. If I decide to continue, my yearly bill goes a long way off. I should be able to pay \$6.00 for the regular \$9.00 price. But if I don't wish to continue, I must still pay the cost of my subscription. You'll receive a full refund within two weeks. And the first issue is yours to keep.

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip \_\_\_\_\_  
Country \_\_\_\_\_

## A&C Grenadiers can't be imitated.



There's only one  
beautiful smoking  
experience.

What makes A&C Grenadiers so special? Maybe it's the long, sleek shape. Or the time-tested blend of aged, rich-tasting tobaccos. Or the choice of imported wrappers, dark Cameroun or light, Try an A&C Grenadier and see for yourself.

One thing is for sure—there's only one beautiful smoking experience. A&C Grenadiers.



fine, long trumpet of fighting cocks—was shaking the old morning air.

Bowwies met in the summer and their feathers don't get really right again until the first cold snap. With the coming of winter, and the fighting season, their color comes full and their feathers be flut and their glow like a light. Their blood goes high, rarer in them like sap in a tree, and they know instinctively their moment is at hand. The long line they've been bred out of has come to a point. And they are at that point. They're ready to work.

Waghtin was at eight o'clock. Cockers were standing beside the longlines of pickup trucks and at the open doors of campers and by the fens of beds that had been set up all over the rolling pastures and beneath small stands of leafless trees. Children roared over the grass, laughing and calling to one another, while their mothers looked first of way and or another. The smell of grass and horse was everywhere in the air.

The family that owned the ranch had set up huge steaming areas of coffee and tables of doughnuts and apple pastry. The evening there would be barbeque. Oak and hickory fires had been burning down for better than fifteen hours and the meat was already sizzling and smoking. The first groups splitting into their beds of glowing coals sent the camp, steaming smell of meat over the entire morning, a smell even enough to make a restless man leave home.

But for the moment, the subject was chickens. All kinds of fighting cocks were there, highties, shufflers, power chickens and speed chickens. I walked over to the side where the birds were being weighed in Cocker fight by weight, not by strain. Whiteheadies don't necessarily fight Whiteheadies, or Greys other Greys. But they do fight within an ounce or two of each other, unless there is some special arrangement between breeders, an arrangement in which the owner of a fighter bird is willing to go against a heavier one for gambling odds or other considerations.

Some of the most frantic betting I've ever seen has taken place around cockfighting. While most established jobs give trophies for winning fights, an awful lot of money also changes hands. The first fight I was over at I watched guys shouting across the pit at one another, calling numbers, arguing to each other with upheld fingers, and it seemed to me there was no way in the world they could keep track of the bets. I turned to the man who had brought me and asked why losers of bets being made that way didn't receive, simply say the bet hadn't been made and walk away.

## DAKS '77



Aspects of  
the many lives  
you lead.  
In Spring  
interpretations of  
classic British looks.  
The great tailoring  
traditions of London,  
subtly refined to reflect  
your American taste.  
Jolly good show!

dashing '77



sporting '77

For the look more refined, write  
William B. Kestler, Inc.  
1280 Avenue of the Americas,  
New York, N.Y. 10019

GENTLEMAN'S  
APPAREL  
**DAKS**  
LONDON-NEW YORK

city 77

"First, everybody here knows everybody else. Second, these folks are good at their work. Some of them's got more money than others, but it ain't one here who's word you can't risk your life on. And the last thing is, watching on a bet can buy you a lot of trouble real cheap. You could even get dead from it."

The birds they were watching were all around four pounds I watched while they put a white-leg on the rock scale. He weighed in at four pounds seven ounces. His opponent, a yellow-leg, came in at four pounds eight and a half ounces.

Three men, one of them the old graybeard whose characteristic gesture was to hitch his pants and let them fall about every four minutes, stood at the tailfeet of a pickup truck parked beside the scale and talked about the merits of a country walk.

"A cock that ain't been walked ain't got much the fight he'd be made if he had been," said the old man, making perhaps the three hundredth minor adjustment on his pants. "I just can't believe a man knows his chickens when he sees a purf as good as a munny walk."

A small, animated man with red hair wasn't having any of it. His talk and manner reminded me very much of a nervous banker, which he might have been. "I would never dispute the merits of a walk but when you set the munny against the pendants the chicken'll pick up, plus getting off his feet, and the further risks of hawks or pendants or whatever. I say munny can do without it."

"Well, I ain't trying to sell nothing. You see roosters and I'll walk mine and we'll meet on the pit."

A country walk is pretty much what it says. You can walk a cock on your own land if you've got it, but if you don't, then it's necessary to find somebody who has a rooster or a farm you can hire your cock out on, along with four or five hens. Here then, one fighting cock can be walked on the same farm without the roosters' constant bother and killing each other. They couldn't establish several fencible plots for themselves and their hens so that they stay out of each other's way. There's something about having his own hens and his own territory that makes a fighting rooster's game willingly given when he goes to the pit. It is also true, however, that they pick up less, get worn out, and die faster their breastbones from robbing on a farm while they're roosting, and finally they're not to be killed by a predator of one kind or another.

Whatever the drawbacks, though, it is a rare rooster who will consent that a country walk does not make a better fighting rooster. The pit at the break fight was about twenty feet in diameter and made out of logs of hay. The first match was between a pair of Broadbills, dusky-looking, half-colored cocks that were lighters. Lighter is self-explanatory, meaning exactly what it says. When you speak of a cock's stature, you're talking about how high the bird sets up off the ground, essentially how long his legs are. Most chickens who have great speed are high staked; chickens that depend primarily on power are low-staked birds.

The fight would start and finish in this pit because there was no drum pit as there always is at established tournaments. A drum pit is where the cocks are taken to finish a fight when one or both of them have been hurt seriously enough to slow down the fight and make it last much longer than it otherwise might. An established tournament will have more than one drum pit and it is not unusual for a single fight to last in a drum for two hours or more. The fight moves from the main to the drum pit at the discretion of the referee, who is the only person allowed in the fighting area besides the two handlers.

One of the handlers was a lady who looked to be in her middle thirties. Just by the way she carried the cock you could tell she had been in the sport for a long time and knew what she was doing. There are a great many ladies who are avid, even skilled cockfighters. And the men I've seen who have really taken the trouble to learn the trade—if such it can be called—make better handlers taken as a whole than do men. Ladies seem to do extremely well in all levels of the sport. In fact, it is a woman, the Sally E. Marburger, who edits *The Gamecock*, which I think is the finest journal devoted to game fowl published in the country.

As I watched them get ready for the match, I couldn't help thinking what an incredible difference there was between these birds and the dunghill roosters we used to fight raised on the farm when I was a boy. A mixed cock is one that hasn't been walked. He does his fighting with his natural untutored squaw. But these battle cocks (meaning they were at least two years old) had had their spurs trimmed and armed with carving beyond gifts, the points of which were honed to needle sharpness. Their combs, the red fleshy appendages that act as a cooling system for the cocks, had been trimmed from their heads; the combs are engorged with blood and no cock could hold very long in the pit if they

hadn't been taken off. The trimming takes place when the moon is at its phase, the sign of the best, since cocks believe a cock will bleed to death if it's trimmed any other time. They have been fed and trained as carefully as any athlete ever was, and given all manner of dietary supplements, including vitamins K to make their blood coagulate quickly. Finally, unlike dunghill roosters, everything about them is expensive. An unwalked, unfired battle stag will cost a hundred dollars or more. That's a lot of money for four pounds of chicken. A downy egg will start at about twenty-five dollars and go up from there. A pair of hand-forged spurs, depending on who makes them for you, costs about seventy dollars. And that's for starters. There are still in-out combs to be bought, leather sparring muffs, several dozen kinds of conditioning powders, bronchitis vaccines, star seeds, comb ointments, yarrow pills and several hundred other things purf's never dreamed of. But when they face off on the pit, the two cocks were doing now, they've been made as ready as possible to do the thing they best to do in the world: kill each other.

The cocks were bled and placed as they liked. When the referee gave the word, they pattered toward each other in a great leaping of wings, both highfliers, each trying to put over the other. They met in the air nearly four feet off the ground and looked up in a fury that was awesome and beautiful and dreadful. A single sustained roar came from the throats of the men and women and children around the pit.

It was all over in less than three minutes. A great energetic crash of wings and combs went out of us as we watched the winning cock stand on top of his dead opponent in the middle of the pit and crow his victory into the cold morning air. ❧

#### UNDER THE MART BRIDGE

The bridges followed with acuity.

I was wrong. Here I am.

The river was their frontier.

I imagined you reading the sea lights sparkling down through the logs, each wave from a phone at the end was split by the angles of steel and translated into other meanings that speak in the black rolling glow of water; a shining script explaining the voice of memory due only your sleeping can read.

—LORREY S. MOORE

## We go further than anyone to please our passengers.



In terms of distance, we go to 89 to 91 things cities in 64 countries on 6 continents.

In terms of time: There are parts of the world to which only Pan Am's long range 747 SP can take you non-stop. (Tokyo from Los Angeles and New York. Auckland from San Francisco. San Francisco from Sydney. And Bahrain from New York.) Thereby cutting hours off your trip.

In terms of comfort and service: We have the world's largest fleet of big, roomy 747s. Many of which have our exclusive upper-deck dining room in first class.

We offer both first class and economy passengers a choice of meals, a choice of movies, and the choice of conversing in a language other than English. (All our flight attendants are bilingual.)

We have one of the most sophisticated reservations systems around. And people experienced in helping sophisticated and unsophisticated travelers all over the world.

In overall terms: We're an airline geared to bringing Americans to the rest of the world as easily and comfortably as possible.

And the rest of the world to America.

**PAN AM**  
America's airline to the world.



# Outdoors

If you think about going fishing in the Northwest, the logical end, in fact, only place to start, from a literary point of view, is with Rodrick Blaine Brown. So last August, in the Yakowass valley, in the vague warmth of what passes for summer in the Alaskan Range, I took the books down from the shelf and stuck them in two neat piles on the edge of my writing desk: *The Western Angler*, *Return to the River, A River Near Skaga*, *Pukernan's Summer* and *Pukernan's Fall*.

These were the ones directly concerned with where I was going to go in September, the ones which would specifically set the mood for the fishing I would do. But I revisited together as well the other of his works I was able to lay hands on, and would read them again, too: *Pukernan's Spring*, *Pukernan's Winter*, *The Living Lake*, *Stinkback Valley* *Winter* and *Measure of the Year*.

After *The Western Angler* and then *Pukernan's Fall*, my enthusiasm to reach the coast was vastly swayed. And more than that I looked forward to the trip in Campbell River for a visit with Blaine Brown, having received numerous casual notes about topics we hadn't had time to talk over the previous fall.

But throughout the month of August the check was out, the mail bill failed to appear during September as well. I went trout fishing and then grouse hunting in a kind of childlike, early, self-indulgent funk. In the evenings I took Jack Daniels freely by the throat, picked up Blaine Brown and omitted myself while imagining doing something that mattered. Lots fishing for salmon.

Further reading of the books did little to alleviate this greater-than syndrome. For as autumn slid by, offering its stupefying banquet of reds and grays, its crystalline days, my admiration of Blaine Brown's work increased and my visit with him (literary) grew more and more exciting and imperative.

Finally, late in October, having watched the fall evaporate, I closed out the liability I called a checking account, impulsively borrowed some money and bought airline tickets. Nothing on earth seemed as important as seeing Blaine Brown and, later, catching the dawn-salmon run in the lower Nanaimo River.

Right after that I got the news: Rodrick Blaine Brown had passed away earlier in the week.

On the first of November I was looking at a long tidal flat on the coast of Washington, just a few miles below the Canadian border. It was one of those sparsely forested areas which seem to demand you be as the water. Ordinarily, this should be a rather grim, rainy stretch of the year, but today's broad tons of heavy blue, layered back toward the horizon, suggested anything you wanted except sorrow or death. The pungent smell of smoke from the mill came in, across the bay on a gentle breeze, and my avowed skepticism one might have about that were not of place. If you couldn't believe in fishing the fastest possible life today, I thought, you were probably out of luck.

"If one has to die, I should think November would be the best month for it," wrote Blaine Brown in 1946. "I should think there is nothing very bad about dying except for the people one has to leave and the things

Russell Chatham

## Lord of the flies

one hasn't had time to do. When the time comes, if I know what it's all about, I suppose I shall think, among other things, of the fish I haven't fished."

Ten yards out from where I waded, a cutthroat swirled. A quick cut and he was up, a fish of perhaps two pounds, bright and vigorous. Back was in of someone avoided.

A few days earlier it had been raining and I had spent some time walking along a smoky stream that was full of spawning salmon. Many were already dead or dying. I have fished for salmon all my life and their cycle forms a perfect paradox: they have come here to spawn and inevitably to die. Yet they are as magnificent in their being as they will ever be.

Blaine Brown wrote, "Once I pitted the salmon in this state, New I knew them. They are death itself in a shell of life, but that remaining shell of life, though without hope or reason beyond the solely instinctive it provides, is impressive."

And later, when the spawning is done, "I see them now on the shore, near my house, often two fish together, slowly dozed down by the current, turning fiercely against it as it passes as their broad fins furrow and waver their of their weakness. It is the sort of thing men has glorified in himself as the undriven spirit of men. See—(Continued on page 20)



**SUBARU.**  
**COSTS LITTLE TO BUY.**  
**COSTS LITTLE**  
**DOWN THE ROAD.**

The 1977 Subaru you see costs just \$2,974.\* And that price includes features like front wheel drive, steel belted radial tires, power assisted front disc brakes and a lot more.

But what Subaru saves you in the showroom is just the beginning.

On the road, our manual transmission sedans give you 41 highway and 28 city miles to a gallon of regular.\*\*

One of the reasons we're so good with gas is our SEEC-T engine. Unlike most engines today, ours doesn't need a catalytic converter to meet clean air standards.

What's more, the fact that there's no catalytic converter means there's no catalytic converter to replace.

And beyond that, Subaru is built tough. To last.

You see, Subaru saves you money in the showroom. And keeps on saving you money. Even when it's on the road to becoming an old Subaru.

\*Total MSRP—does not include dealer prep, delivery and taxes. \*\*These figures are EPA test estimates. Your mileage may vary because of the way you drive, driving conditions, the condition of the car and whether optional equipment you have. Wheel cover, roof rack, spare tire, side door, as shown in photo, are not standard options.



## Media

A Pulitzer for  
Mildred A. Pappas

*News & Notes*

Two years ago, my husband bought a cooperative in the Ontario Apartments in Washington, D.C. The Ontario is an old building as Washington apartment buildings go, but the century is not inoperative, and it has high ceilings, considerable woodwork, occasional murals and views of various capital sights. It also has the Ontario Bulletin. The Ontario Bulletin is a mimeographed newsletter that arrives every month or so in the mailbox. It is supplemented by numerous street news and elevator notices, many of these concern crime. The Ontario is located in what is charmingly called a marginal neighborhood, and all of us who live there look for signs that it is on the verge of becoming less marginal. The fact that the local movie theater is switching from Spanish-language films to English-language films is considered a good sign. The elevator in the Ontario is safe. "During the past eight weeks, FIVE ONTARIO WOMEN HAVE HAD THEIR PURSES SNATCHED on the grounds as close by. Three of these events occurred this week." This memo, written by Sue Lindgren, chairperson, Security Committee, goes on to state: "Fortunately, none of the victims was seriously injured and no talking boys were hurt." We were all relieved to read this, though I suspect that Christine Turpin was primarily relieved to read the part about the boys. Mrs. Turpin was president of the Ontario during the crime wave of May, 1975, when she wrote a particularly fine example of what I think of as the Turpin School of memo writing.

There have been three personifications of the Ontario's front door in the last two months. A mail checker twice in the same period. All three incidents occurred in daylight hours; the three "victims"—all women—were returning from grocery stores on Columbia Road. Two of the three had ignored repeated and published advice: DO NOT CARRY BUILDING KEYS IN

YOUR POCKETBOOKS. They also ignored other personal safety precautions. Much as we sympathize with them over their frightening experience and over the loss of their personal belongings, the fact remains that had these "victims" heeded the warnings, everyone at the Ontario would have been spared the inconvenience of a second lock/key change in two weeks as well as the expenditure of \$400 for replacements."

As far as I can tell, several of the early warnings Mrs. Turpin refers to appeared in the Ontario Bulletin, but I can hardly blame the "victims" for not noticing them. Until recently, the Ontario Bulletin was written by Mildred A. Pappas, who appears to be as lively and good-humored as Mrs. Turpin is the opposite. Here and there Mrs. Pappas looks in a life-breaking crime story: "As we were going to join Security Chairman Sue Lindgren called to say that the cigarette machine in the basement had been vandalized and that both cigarettes and some change were missing. There were no known suspects at the time of the call." But Mrs. Pappas has a firm editorial philosophy which she expressed in the January, 1976, Bulletin: "Both the trivial and the important are vital in portraying a clear picture of life in the Ontario—or anywhere else." And she has such a charming way with the trivial that her readers rarely sought to be forgiven their apparent tendency to skip over the important. In the February, 1976, Bulletin, for example, Mrs. Pappas does mention the business of not putting keys into pocketbooks, but that she must react to the report on the removal of a large African voodoo at the Henshaw Clinic, and it takes into magnificence note to the troubling mention of the removal of a hometh's nest from Elise Carpenter's dining-room window.

The information on the hometh's nest appeared in a regular feature of the Bulletin called News and Notes, which includes birthdays, operations,

recent houseguests and distinguished achievements of residents, as well as good bits of miscellaneous information like the announcement of the founding of the Ad Hoc Friends of the Pool Table Committee. Other regular sections of the publication are The Travelers Return, a list of recent trips by residents; and Customer Reports, summaries of the findings of the various building committees, of which there are none. (That figure does not include the committee for the past hole, which has since disbanded, having successfully restored the table to use in the basement Green Room, which was recently and successfully painted yellow during the 1976 Painting Project.) The Ontario is surrounded by trees and gardens, so the Bulletin often mentions the planting of a new apple or jumper tree, and it doesn't devote an entire page to the final chapter of the eight-page controversy of the Great Red Oak, cut down on August 22, 1976, after the board of directors overruled what was known as the "back and seat" policy of the Herb Tree Subcommittees. Articles like these are often illustrated with simple drawings of birds and leaves. Occasionally, a photograph is used, but only as a major story like the dog over the water bill.

Ontario residents first learned of the water-bill flap in a July, 1975, Bulletin article headlined A SIBBERING BELL FOR A SHOCKING WASTE. "Chairman Chris Turpin has just announced that a shocking (and unbudgeted) \$3,449.84 water bill for the last quarter has just been received, adding that the amount is more than three times the amount for the preceding quarter. A very telling," Ms. Turpin announced for bad water, etc." No... The water company has advanced the amount that only one malfunctioning toilet allowed to run continuously can be the cause... The chairman stated that the board will decide on a method of payment of the unprecedented bill at its July meeting, the alterna-

# True slashes tar in half!

Down to only 5 mgs. tar per cigarette. Down to only 100 mgs. tar per pack.



And a taste worth changing to.  
Think about it.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health

Paper 5 mg. "tar," 0.4 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette. FTC Report October 1979

times being 1) to find the resident or residents responsible and to bill accordingly, or 2) to specially assess all residents (sewers and tenants alike) approximately \$10 each to settle the bill.

For a month, we anxiously awaited word of what was up. Would ten dollars be added to the maintenance? Or would Chairman Turpin lead the Ad Hoc Committee on the Unprecedented Water Bill through such apartment in search of the hypothetical malfunctioning toilet? Finally, the July *Bulletin* appeared, with a terse report suggesting that the investigation was closing in on the suspect and that it would be no one's irresponsible resident but the building's thirty-five-year-old water meter, which had just been removed for inspection by the water company. Meanwhile, Clarence K. Street, a resident who was apparently unaware that human error was about to be ruled out, made a guest appearance in the *Bulletin* as the author of *The Flunk Water Duller* (Gardner). "It is a queer reaction," he wrote, "to save these pints of water every time one flushes a toilet. We have been doing it for a couple of years." According to Street, if everyone in the building spent three past minutes in just toilet tank, the Ottomans could save 150,000 gallons of water a year—or, as he put it, 250,000 gallons of water a year. Mrs. Pappas agreed residents who took up Street's suggestion to amend their leases for prohibition in order to encourage others. No one did, at least I assume no one did from the fact that Mrs. Pappas never again referred to the Flunk Water Duller *Brook Flunk*. In the August *Bulletin*, however, the water meter was definitively fixured; it turned out to be not just out of order but thoroughly obsolete. A photograph of the new water meter appeared as an afterthought.

If I have any complaint at all about the *Ottomans Bulletin* it is simply that its evasiveness approach occasionally leaves something to be desired. Accurate reporting was strictly not enough to sustain the curiosity engendered by the past selections of the 1916 Painter Project, nor was it adequate to describe the diabolical misadventures of President Turpin and the Ottomans based on the face of these pastures. Residents who read the living tributes in the August *Bulletin* to the Great Ed and the account of his mysterious recreative dreams could hardly have been prepared for the stunning moment at the annual meeting in September when it was moved that no one be out of town without a membership vote. Mrs. Pappas' low-key description of

the restored area grille entrance doors—"Unfortunately, the 'Ottomans' inscription now faces the interior of the building since it could not be re-located from its solid area casting to the outside"—does not quite do justice to the situation.

And I cannot imagine that *Bulletin* readers were in any position to judge the item in March, 1976, which announced that Allan Anger's resignation as House Maintenance Committee Chairman. "In protest of the Board's sanction of exclusive remodeling in a neighboring apartment, Dr. Allan Anger has resigned two months after his appointment. In a recently circulated letter to all residents Dr. Anger states that during the extended period of renovation he was 'unable to use my apartment for either business or pleasure.' He also states that his letter has generated a considerable response from the membership, many of whom have indicated interest in a proposed revision of the Rules and House Rules of the Corporation to prohibit further extensive structural 'modern' efforts in the Ottomans." This is certainly a fair summary of what happened—but it is not enough. I know I am married to the man who lived the contractor who accidentally drilled the hole into Dr. Anger's bedroom wall.

In any case, mine are small complaints. The main function of a newspaper is to let its readers know what's going on; I think that there are many circumstances that are served as well by their local newspapers as this tiny community as by the *Ottomans Bulletin*. And I would feel even more warmly toward the publication that I do but for the fear I have, each month, that I will pick it up to read: "The residents of 608 had a fight last Thursday night over the fact that one person in the apartment never cleans his closets." I like neighborhoods, you see, but I worry about neighbors. Fortunately, my husband and I also have an apartment in New York. And I was extremely pleased several weeks ago when we moved to new quarters there in an extremely friendly looking brownstone on an extremely lively block. In the course of the week's move, we carried some packages out of the apartment and left it at the street for the garbage collectors. Ten minutes later—ten minutes later—we were arrived from the 74th Street Block Association concerning the block rules on refuse. I'm not going to quote from it. All I want to do is to say that six other, Emma Pearson, while not in the same league with Christine Turpin, definitely shows promise. ■

## Outdoors

(Continued from page 38) see it here so clearly, long after hope and purpose have gone, I was recognizing it for what it is, the underlying spirit of animals. And I find it no less admirable.

"To some people, the thought that the salmon, all Pacific salmon of all species, die very soon after spawning is a depressing thought. They say it is only decay and waste, a sort of pathetic frustration of life. This is a natural view, but it does not question deeply enough; the end of the salmon is not death and corruption, but only the advance of their cycle. As the waste stir and drift the dying leaves, so the waste drift and stir the dying salmon against the grey-brown gravel of the stream beds. Yet under these gravel life is strong and secret and protected in the buried eggs, the real life of the race. . . . In some life will burst from the gravel as it bursts again from the trees, into the massive yield of the new cycle."

"Death is seldom more fleeting or more fertile than this."

In the history of angling literature, one would be hard pressed to find a more fundamental, explicit or actual model for expanding and enhancing our lives through the sport than the books of Robert Leighton Moore and Halp-Brown.

His concern for reason and ethics based upon integrity, love, observation, all the result of his profound love for the natural world. He might readily be called a nature writer, since almost all his books, including the novels, involve the outdoors in one way or another. But Halp-Brown clearly transcends the genre. His work, as Arnold Gingrich once pointed out, "is universally notable as literature."

Halp-Brown is a writer first, a fisherman second. Perhaps second is a poor choice of terms: he is a fisherman as well and he comments on it rather succinctly: "It is fashionable to call one's occupation that does contribute in some way to the world's material wealth an 'occupation.' It is a ridiculous fashion, as little connected with reality as acute insanity. . . . Really for me personally, the only real work in a society is that which is not materially productive work. A balanced and rounded man who is really living a life instead of sedating it will have many other interests besides his work, and they will all be part of his reality. Sports like hunting and fishing, actively and positively followed, are an important and integral

Why hear about it from a friend?

An original brandy of unsurpassed smoothness and richness. The result of masterful blending and meticulous aging. The end of a forty year search for unprecedented quality.

Ed & J. Duffley, Modesto, Calif.





# One of a kind.

Where others seek mere wealth, he searches for experience

He captures it in his own distinct way

He smokes for pleasure

He gets it from the blend of Turkish and Domestic tobaccos in Camel Filters.

Do you?



11 mg. "tar," 1.2 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette FTC Report APRIL '78

Warning—The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health

## SOUND AND FURY

### More light on the conspiracy

Thank you very much for printing the Henry Board/Christopher Carl pique (*Here from Here: New Light on the Kennedy Case*, December). I found it to be of an exceptional nature and I loved the humor. It made my day.

Bernard Morris  
New York, N.Y.

It is extremely sharp House/bleed photograph of Lyndon Johnson's swearing-in—the only one made on Air Force One that day—in no way resembles your before rendition. But I know you "burned" it on purpose. I just think that the hat on your E. Howard Hunt (in reality, Congressman Albert Thomas) was a superficiality I hope that the P.K. & G. version of this photograph does not replace the countless thousands now in print in history books throughout the world.

Thank you for a very reminiscence. Cecil W. Stoughton  
The White House Photographer to President John F. Kennedy and Lyndon B. Johnson  
Merritt Island, Fla.

I'm sure Lyndon Johnson would not be smiling peacefully if he knew Hunt, Lofgren and Coleman were present at his swaying-in ceremony! Margaret Arnold  
Corvallis, N.Y.

The whole thing is a spoof. The clue is (and I missed it first time through) the writing depth. He was obviously "wakened" into writing as Kennedy was "enraptured" into reading himself in the big Nice try Harold Stearns  
Bilwaskas, Wis.

Your decision to publish *New Light on the Kennedy Case* illustrates your usual power failure and taste short circuitry.  
Ray Howard  
New York, N.Y.

### Well-politish

Timothy Raabe's excellent article *Dashing Diplomats* (Washington, December) separated the bees from the fools. A few minor corrections: 1) The writer-publisher (I believe) on the head, making a huge wall. 2) The Congress and President Ford, not the State Department, posthumously promoted and memorialized Charles W. Tamm in a private bill. The per-

sonal authorities of State did look into the matter but found no injustice.

When Mr. Henshaw is sequestered by the Carter Administration to straighten out the personnel policies, a lot of trouble will be shed. But then, as the article points out, diplomacy is the "art of adjustment."

Cynthia Thomas  
Bureau of Diplomatic Office  
Department of State  
Washington, D.C.

### Memo a Memo

For his Book Week piece on *Gayl Jones and Rudine Huskins* (*How To Write Two First Novels with Your Kneecaps*, December), Keith Mano will no doubt be called by some "Reckless Reckless" but for my part I see him as spearheading a healthy return to business as usual.

In the past decade or so we have learned to root words by "merely" writers with suspicion; their publication has too often clearly been prompted by social, not literary, considerations. The union spirit is that a genuine prejudice has developed where none existed before.  
Bruce Johnson  
Evanston, Ill.

Come now, Mr. Mano. Men will control publishing—solemnly, anyway. They know there's money to be made from the women's movement. But most books published are written by, for, and about whites. There's only one Toni Morrison, and your Mr. X still has a better chance for publication than a Me or Mr. Black X. I wrote a piece which (never by accident) every stereotype about blacks is laughable. It was promptly published in a humor anthology and excerpted in Playboy, where it made waves when some stuffy members and readers pretended to be offended. Because, you see, Playboy forgot to mention that I'm black. The editors suggested that I might mention that fact in a letter defending my piece. I want to add that Equinox really seems to have a book column in tune with the times and its readers.  
Frua Kass  
New York, N.Y.

### Woece than wine lies

Fortunately for her, Nora Ephraim has reassigned the duties of window shade's dreamer (*Shades*, December) and has developed (necessarily, I

submit that Gertrude's reveries in some ways) instead when it attacks single women: how many Erzes have I prepared romantic plots with green peppercorns from Madagascar, trisecutors of exorcism with wild rhesus, anders, anders, and raspberry cones, imagining my efforts would surely wrap up the case.

No, the months are usually an empty pocketbook, indifferences and few romantic intentions. (What restaurant could compete?) Now that I've moved from Boston to San Francisco, my companion is lucky to get chicken enchiladas and "It's It's!" When conversations get sluggish, he can pick up my Governor from the coffee table, flip to the centerfold and ogle stuffed shoulders, luscious latex and juicy tarts to his heart's content. I've finally learned it's no more necessary to fish out in the kitchen than in the bedroom.  
Gail Parker Hennessy  
San Francisco, Calif.

### The Joy of Sects

I just read the remarkably subtle and poignant short story *Sect*, by Lucetta Cole (December). I congratulate you on discovering an interesting and original writer whose verbal dexterity is equal to her strong sensibility. I hope to read more of her fiction in your magazine.  
Rebecca K. Paulson  
Los Angeles, Calif.

### S.W.A.H.

I was so excited by your *Signed, Sealed, and Delivered* article (December) that I sent out twenty requests for further information; fifteen for more. The response has been going to the mailbox almost as big a thrill as Christmas morning for a four-year-old!  
Elizabeth David  
Montreal, N.J.

Our *Winkford Shellfish* Clamchow included in *Signed, Sealed, and Delivered* is \$1.50 per serving (not \$1), plus \$4.50 for our packing for each one of up to one serving, plus airfreight charge to the destination.  
Kassia W. Coons  
Winkford Shellfish Inc.  
Winkford, B.I.

Equinox wants to hear from you. Letters should be mailed before the fifteenth of the month. Send to: *Sound and Fury*, Equinox, 141 Madison Avenue, New York, New York 10017.



## The Coast

### Getty's little house on the highway

The place might have been constructed by Guy Grand. Three years old and wildly popular, it rather plausibly spread in a grove of apocryphal just above Sunset. Most rentals and Ted's Rancha Steaks-and-ford-Cordons at the Pacific Coast Highway in Malibu, a monument to high culture so immediately productive of crowds and jammed traffic that it can now be approached by appointment only, the seventeen-mile-long villa built by the late J. Paul Getty to house his collection of antiquities and paintings and furniture manages to vibrate a peculiar nerve in almost everyone who sees it. The Getty is said to be "filthy." The Getty is even said to be Jewish, if I do not misread the subject in "The Beverly Hills newspaper-diffuse room" (Los Angeles Times, January 78) and "revised as like a 360-Air-diffuse room" (The New York Times, May 28, 78).

The Getty seems to stir up social discomforts at levels not easily shared. To describe this moment in the more sophisticated of these very dining rooms it is said to resemble is to invite a kind of nervous dissonance, as if the place were a local bazaar, a bazaar and deliberate affront to the understated good taste and general class of everyone at the table. One hears that the Getty's lavishly patterned marble floor and walls are "crackly." One hears that the Getty's diaphanous parties are "back lit." The entire building, an informed improvisation as a villa burned by mud from Venetian in 19 A.D. and seen again only dimly during some eighteenth-century tunnel around Heracleum, is meticulously decorated as "mudcrack," although what "authentic" could mean in this context is hard to say.

Something about the place enthralls people. The collection itself is usually referred to as "that kind of thing," as in "not even the best of that kind of thing," or "absolutely top-drawer if you like that kind of

thing," both of which translate "not our kind of thing." The Getty's demagogic address of Renaissance and Baroque paintings are distinctly that kind of thing, there being little in the modern temperament that responds immediately to potent and remote and historic low her-then, and so are the Getty's rather grotesque assemblages of French furniture. A Louis XV writing table tends to please the modern eye only if it has been despoiled by a glass of field rum and some silver-plated napkins, as in a recent photograph for *News*. Even the Getty's famous antiques are pretty much that kind of thing, evoking as they do not their own period but the eighteenth- and nineteenth-century rage for antiquities. The sight of a Greek head depresses many people, evokes an unshared chord, reminds them of books in their grandmother's parlor and of all they were supposed to learn and never did. This note of "familiarity" pervades the entire collection. Even the handful of impressionism required by Getty were recently removed from the galleries, on the grounds that they were irrelevant to the main thrust of the collection. The Getty collection is in certain ways consistently respectful, and quite unmerciful to generations trained in the conviction that a museum is meant to be fun, with Calder mobiles and Baroque chairs.

In short, the Getty is a monument to "fine art," in the old-fashioned didactic sense, which is part of the problem people have with it. The place insists contemporary notions about what art is or should be or ever was. A museum is now supposed to kindly the untrained imagination, but this museum does not. A museum is now supposed to let the natural child in each of us free, but this museum does not. This is art conceived to teach a lesson, and there is also a lesson in the building which houses it: the Getty tells us that the past was perhaps different from the way

we prefer to perceive it. Ancient murals were not always attractively faded and worn. Ancient murals once appeared just as they appear here: as striated, opulent evidence of imperial power and acquisition. Ancient murals were not always bleached and mottled and "faded." Ancient murals once looked as they do here: as if dreamed by a Media era. Ancient murals once worked, and showed out that vision we have come to expect and want from the past. Ancient murals once gleamed, conventionally. The old world was once delectably new, or even new, as people like to say about the Getty. (I have never been there when the word *new* can possibly mean in America, implying as



# THE TAPE THAT'S TOO GOOD FOR MOST EQUIPMENT.

Maxell tapes are not cheap.

In fact, a single reel of our most expensive tape costs more than many inexpensive tape recorders.

Our tapes are expensive because it's designed specifically to get the most out of good high fidelity components. And unfortunately, there's not much to get out of most inexpensive tape recorders.

So it makes no sense to invest in Maxell unless you have equipment that can put it to good use.

And since even a little speck of dust can put a dropout in tape, no one gets into our manufacturing area until it's been washed, dressed in a special dust-free uniform and vacuumed.

(Yes, vacuumed.) Unlike most tape-makers, we don't test our tape every now and then. We test every inch of every Maxell tape.

Which is why every Maxell tape you buy sounds exactly the same. From end to end, tape to tape, year to year. Whenever you buy it.

And Delrin rollers. Because nothing sticks to them.

A lot of companies weld their cassettes together. We use screws. Screws are more expensive. But they also make for a stronger cassette.

Our tape comes with a better guarantee than your tape recorder.

Nothing is guaranteed to last forever. Nothing we know of, except our tape.

So our guarantee is simply itself, anytime you ever have a prob-



Our guarantee even covers most of our tape core.

Give our tape a better hearing.

You can hear just how good Maxell tape sounds of your nearby audio dealer. (Chance is, it's what he uses to demonstrate his best tape decks.)



No other tape sounds as good as ours because no other tape is made as carefully as ours.

For example, every batch of magnetic oxide we use gets run through an electron microscope before we use it. This reveals the exact size and proportions of individual particles of oxide. Because if they're not perfect, the tape won't sound perfect.



Every tape is vacuumed.

We clean off the crud other tapes leave behind.

After all this work we put into our tape, we're not about to let it go to waste on a dirty tape recorder head. So we put non-abrasive head cleaning leader on all our cassettes and reel-to-reel tapes. Which is something no other tape company bothers to do.

Our cassettes are put together as carefully as our tape.

Other companies are willing to use wax paper and plastic rollers in their cassettes. We're not. We use carbon-impregnated material.

Item with any Maxell cassette, 8-track or reel-to-reel tape, you can send it back and get a new one.



Maxell Corporation, America's Videotape Company, Inc., Mahwah, New Jersey 07430







## TAYLOR BRANCH

Early last year, a *Guerrilla* Sam Jaffe attached the tape recorder to his telephone and dialed yet another old C.I.A. hand down his long list of Soviet specialists. Jaffe had spent days calling them. Usually, like a confederated money, scratching out appeals for mercy. He felt bad about taping his phone calls, but nobody believed him anyway. And nobody would talk to him much anyway.

Jaffe was pleasantly surprised when the Old Hand didn't hang up on him, and he pleaded for help. "I'm finished as a journalist," he said. "For seven bloody years, I've been trying to find out why Yuri Nosenko named me as a Soviet agent, which I was not." Jaffe rejected the familiar theory of how the lights were turned out on his answer

after five years with CBS in New York. Four years at ABC corresponded in Moscow and three years at ABC bureau chief in Hong Kong. In his life since then has been a deepening nightmare centered around Yuri Nosenko, a high official of the Soviet KGB who defected to the United States about two months after the Kennedy assassination and informed the Warren Commission, via the C.I.A. and F.B.I., that the KGB was not mixed up with Lee Harvey Oswald. With that settled, the C.I.A. held Nosenko in secret confinement for three years and grided him to find out whether he was for real. Doubts still persist. Nosenko now lives tentatively under a new identity.

Jaffe wanted to pin down and refute another bit on Nosenko's shoddy intelligence story—that Jaffe worked for the Russians.

"I don't think that's true," said the Old Hand.

"That's what's true, sir?" asked Jaffe.

"I don't think that Nosenko had anything to do with that, what you call 'Youvering.' He would have had no way of knowing. Because that was not his . . ."

"But, the F.B.I. told me this," Jaffe interjected.

"They could say many things to many people," the Old Hand said cryptically. He went on to say that Nosenko's role was only to authenticate large batches of KGB documents smuggled to the C.I.A. by another Russian spy in 1962, shortly before Nosenko defected. Jaffe argued, one more shot he had to pursue, to find out why he was misled. The Old Hand was guarded but asked irritably if Jaffe knew a certain U.S. diplomat. Jaffe answered that he had.

"Well," said the Old Hand, "the very document I refused to enter in while he was there [in Moscow]. He had the bright idea—can you imagine this—of giving them back . . . to his good friend Gromyko." As

## Washington

### Sam Jaffe and the new blacklist

the Old Hand told it, the diplomat was quickly arrived in Moscow and wanted to let Gromyko know that he was not such a rube as to fall for phony spy plots.

The Old Hand told Jaffe that the KGB studied the relevant documents, identified the C.I.A.'s spy within the Kremlin and promptly shot him "00, my God!" cried Jaffe.

"Fortunately," the Old Hand went on coolly, "those documents were not photographed."

"Why did he do this?" Jaffe asked frantically.

"You ask God?" exploded the Old Hand. "You ask [the diplomat]! You ask the government, why it has a can like that there?" The Old Hand called the diplomat "a dope" who didn't even speak good English, much less good Russian. Then his caution returned and he told Jaffe to take the matter up with the C.I.A. Jaffe already had, to no effect. And he had received comforting advice.

Former director William Colby told him to stay away from Nosenko, whose life was still in danger, but former counterintelligence chief James Angleton told him to pursue Nosenko to the ends of the earth.

The Old Hand refused to say any more. Jaffe was left, as usual, with a clear but promising more vexed than answers. He sent out more appeals for help. Under the Freedom of Information Act, he received hundreds of them, all leading to new questions—for instance, he had heard that the C.I.A. had a full, prompt report on his Moscow wedding. Which of the guests could have written it?

Jaffe is the victim of a spy tragedy, but John le Carré has not yet come along to figure out the ending.

Shortly after Thanksgiving, it was haste in Atlanta and decided to drop in on Alexia Danes, an informant who was assigned to the American Embassy in Moscow from 1961 to 1963. Jaffe was the ABC correspondent then and Danes was an Air



for \$45.29 a month.

That's the monthly price tag the first year for a \$250,000 Adjustable Term policy if you're a man age 30 or a woman age 35. It's the answer for families who need heavy-duty protection right now. Without tying up a lot of money.

Here's a look at some other rates:

\$250,000 Adjustable Term (level coverage)		
Age	Monthly Premium	1st Year*
Man	Woman	
25	28	\$43.15
30	33	\$52.29
35	38	\$58.98

\*Monthly premium automatically paid from checking account. Premium increases as the insured's age and policy age. Policy term 10, 15 or 20 years. Policy loan and rates may vary in some states.

Later on, level coverage Adjustable Term gives you the flexibility to remodel your protection as your needs change.

Your package of options includes:  
• When your insurance term up you can convert to life insurance with cash

values. No physical request! Gives you lifetime protection or retirement fund. After five years there's an annual discount for converting from level coverage Adjustable Term to a cash value plan. In the example above, this would mean a payment mark down of \$310 a year if a man age 45 switched to \$250,000 Preferred Whole Life. Or \$275 a year savings for a woman age 45.

2. If you're under financial pressure, you can reduce payments with the twenty year decreasing term option. Insurance decreases each year.

Anyone of coverage calculated as if policy had been decreasing term originally. Available before 19th year 3. When responsibilities lessen you can reduce your coverage with the decreasing term up age 100 option. Amount of life insurance reduces each year. Premiums your payments at the current rate. Available during or after the 15th year.

So if your family needs life insurance that can fit the future, just mail in the coupon for more information.

\*Policy term 10, 15 or 20 years. Premiums and rates may vary in some states. Policy loan and rates may vary in some states.

Occidental Life Insurance Company of California  
P.O. Box 314, Western Avenue  
Los Angeles, California 90010  
Dear Occidental Life:

How much would a \$250,000 Adjustable Term (level coverage) policy cost me the first year?

Name

Age  Sex

Address

City

State  Zip

11/1/80 10/1/80

**T Occidental Life**  
A Transamerica Company



D. Smith



## Einzelanfrage

For your copy of our book, a PRACTICE IT!  
ADDENDA, and the 2007-2008 case studies, add \$5.00 to your order, and we will include it in your invoice.  
Account/Ordering Officer:  
Catherine Lee, New York, NY 10007  
345-743-0500, Fax: 345-743-0501  
Janel, Knappton, Director, 1000 W. 10th Avenue, E. 10000  
10000 W. 10th Ave., Aurora, CO 80012



Kennedy Engineering and Construction Agency, North east, (0115) 403 444

Beautiful scale replica of an authentic Spanish guillotine—accurately copied to the finest detail. Put it in your den or office. A fascinating conversation piece!



■ Handkessel (Handgewand) wird verwendet für ■ Authentiz Cross Sticks ■ Tschingel oder Sticks ■ Klänge von verschiedenen Instrumenten ■ Klänge in der 100. Linie nach oben  
Wiederholen

**\$1195**  
(plus \$600 per year handling)

Clip and mail this coupon today!

**Worldwide Finance**, 435 Madison Avenue  
New York, N.Y. 10017

Please send me my credit edition of an  
edition of *Business* published for only \$11.95  
plus \$2.00 for shipping and handling.  
I authorize my charge to amount \$100.00  
per year payable to Worldwide Finance.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip \_\_\_\_\_

Please charge to my ☐ American Express  
☐ BankAmericard ☐ MasterCard ☐ Charge

Expire \_\_\_\_\_ / \_\_\_\_\_

Amount \$ \_\_\_\_\_

Signature \_\_\_\_\_

## BACKSTAGE WITH ESQUIRE

Oh, we put them here at Ensigns, we really do. A couple of writers have threatened to kill Gordon Lish (and from time to time Gordon of his fellow editors have thought that it might not be a bad idea, they were just too polite to make any outright threats). And every now and then a writer will write me a letter saying, "I'm going to sue you"—somebody changed a column or something. Of course we get all sorts of nonsense for mixed feelings. Dying grandmothers. Paper-cutting kids. Nothing as good as Robert Rothenberg's telegram to *The New Yorker* from Venice when a photo of his was hanging over the entrance stairs: "O WAAH O WAAH PLEASE REMOVE IT, although we do hate people who are capable of that kind of threat."

But the writers make the magazine and, for the most part, we love them for their contributions, which we include adequately. Where else can there in the real world? They don't spend their days in offices returning phone calls and trying to set up lunch. Things, by God, happen to writers and, because they are writers, they are pretty good at telling you all about these experiences. So anytime we're questioned as to how on the average amount of deleted scenes during teleplay, we're usually glad when a writer above us is the office to tell us what he's been up to lately.

Taylor Taylor Branch, for instance. He lives in Washington, where all sorts of interesting things—many of them criminal—have been going on. When Taylor shows up, he usually has a lot of new stories to tell us about how our noble leaders are screwing us—or the other way. Taylor knows more terrible things about Washington than anybody this side of Deep Throat, and it is something of a perverse thrill to listen to him. We know things were bad in Washington, but not that bad.

And there is the C.I.A. business. Branch took several months once he took into the C.I.A./Cuban exile connection in Miami. What he found was a smokes 'n' the Mob, big-time drug dealers, professional assassins, terrorists, spooks and soldiers of fortune, along with the expected agents and patriotic Cuban exiles. It was quite an experience for Branch, who is an affable young man, obviously well-read and not the violent one

When Branch goes looking for Mike, he generally goes to the track and bets a few bucks. Trust us when we tell you that he is not a thrill seeker.

The whole Miami experience was almost too much for Branch, who prefers to deal with the ordinary tenacity of elected officials. He re-established himself in Washington, where he gathers dirt and sends it up to us for publication. Washington suits him and we expect him to stay right there except for the one time a month he comes to New York with his column.—his.

So imagine our surprise when we see a newspaper item one day announcing that Taylor Branch, his friend John Rutenfrid and a Miami newspaperwoman had all been thrown out of Venezuela. Venezuela? What in hell was he even doing in Venezuela, much less getting thrown out of it?

A day or two later came the phone call. A sheepish French explains that he'd just gone down to sea if he could crack the Letelier case. (The former Chilean ambassador who was killed in Washington a few months ago when a bomb was planted in his car.) French thought that while he was at it, he might as well get some information on the terrorist alliance between some Cuban exiles and certain Latin American governments. And, as long as he was down there, he might just as well interview Orlando Bosch, probably one of the most dangerous exiles in Venezuela, just to get a different business trip, in other words.

The Venezuelans weren't having any of it. But Branch wasn't discouraged. It was, after all, his first time as an international incident. So he and Rethfeld wrote up the whole experience and we are proud to publish their account in these pages.

We are also proud of two new associate editors. Judy James comes to us from *Gentlemen's Quarterly* and, before that, Rayne's research department. She is a ball of fire. Christopher Buckley comes from Yale and, with his connections, greatly strengthens the staff's flagging right wing. We're already delighted with both of them. Now if we could just do something about Lark. —G.C.

## MOVIES AT HOME TONIGHT!

**"EMMANUELLE" X "LAWRENCE OF ARABIA" X "GUNS OF NAVARONE"**

Enjoy your favorite films anytime! Rapid Film Distributors now offers you Super 8 Sound films from the Catalog of Columbia Pictures. Films are on 400' reels and run for approximately twenty minutes. In Color or Black-and-White. Magnetic Sound, for all Super 8 sound projectors.

**EXCITING FEATURE FILM DIGESTS**

**LAURENCE OF AMARIN (1980)** Peter O'Toole, Kaye Dakers, Anthony Quinn, Jack Hawkins, Omar Sharif, Anthony Quinn, Joan Fenn, Claude Rains, Winona, at Cannes Academy Awards, Two, Best Story of T. E. Lawrence, WIN! He took off his belt and urinated the Arabs against the wall. Swastika on photograph. (see page 6) (see page 6)

[illegible]

**SABOTEUR ON THE RIVER KAN:** (R/S/T) William Haines. Also: Guinn "Big Boy" Boyer, George Neukirch, Jack Hawkins. (C/S) winning act spins about rivalry of wife between F O W officers Guinn and Haines, ordered by the Japanese to build a bridge the river; it secretly coaxed by Haines.

**MIAMI (5/24/1992)** James Dean, Billy Joe Williams, Jack Warden. The true story of Ch-chop's first. 10000 plays! Great FICORE and Gayle Sorensen (the director) and Freddie Dean. 9-5220-3 440 01

**GOING SOUTH (1992)** Omar Sharif, Jilly Goynier, JAMES MASON, El  
Wahed, Stephen Boyd, KATHY HUNY. Adventures of one of the story  
greatest warriors, prince of a kingdom who died eventually, based on a story  
written by a 13th-century Arab. **MS 5027 C \$49.50**

**JOLSON STORY: THE** (1946) Lucy Parker, Evelyn Keyes, William Demarest. Tunnel delight with the learned Jolson at the sound track of this Oscar-winning story of the trash performer's rise to fame. Lucy Parker stars as Jolson. **MM 508 C \$49.95**

**LOST COMMAND (1985)** Anthony Quinn, Anne Delon, George Segal, George C. Scott. Anne married one of several warlords in Africa.

IT HAPPENED ONE NIGHT (1934) Chas Gable  
 Mauchetta Collier (Chas) [www.00.com/collier.htm](http://www.00.com/collier.htm)

[illegible]

**PROFESSIONALS: THE (1986)** But Lancaster LEE Marvin, Robert Downey Jr., Anthony Quinn & Christopher Walken. A brilliant

[illegible]

Please send me the items listed. Payment is being enclosed.

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip \_\_\_\_\_



ON THE WATERFRONT (1954) Midge Farrow, Eva Marie Saint, Kim  
Mellon, Lee J. Cobb, Bud Strasser. Oscar-winning biographer Farrow  
a member of New York's corrupt legislators is a union official as well  
as a lobbyist against their bills. His brother is killed.  
MA 1000 is W 620-90

**SILENCERS:** The (1986) Sean Connery, Burt Reynolds, Jason Lee, Cyndi Lauper. First of the Matt Helm series. Tip: Helm, a swinging bachelor, is called into action to prevent a top scientist from defecting to the USSR. **WORTH:** \$45 M.

**SPORTS**

**SPORTS  
SPECTACULARS!**  
FROM THE  
OFFICIAL FILMS



**FANTASTIC FOOTBALL FUNNIES** The most remarkable collection of goofy fumbles and missed tackles ever assembled. Even the pros make mistakes. **1994** (1995) 408 REEL • COLOR • SOUND • \$49.95

LM NO	PRICE	TRAIL NO	PRICE	FILM NO	PRICE


State and Local taxes plus \$1.00 handling cost	TOTAL
---	-------

# How Blameth.

The other night a couple of the New York press lords who try to control what I do in this space were playing me with country lore and making suggestions: "Listen, My country truly throwed fourteen the other night against East York Junior. You reckon you could..."

I was holding out for the column I had in mind—a closely reasoned proposal for cutting down on holiday violence by converting all the ice in America into coffee—when one of the press lords said, "How about a column on names?"

"On... names?" I said weakly. To suggest to a sportswriter that he write about names is like suggesting to a fat man that he eat less. If he is a fat man without character, he will say, "Aw, I better not." If he is a sportswriter without character he will say, "Ah, I don't know, I was

up all night with the photo of Grimsy Bates and W.O. McGowan choosing an all-time all-woman baseball team—Robb Keith, Pete Rose, Larry Sherry, Tex Sherley, Bill Lee, Carlos May, Dick Sharon, Clay Carroll, Carlos Paolo, Henry Bryant Patten, Sam Locke, Lyle Ladday July..."

If he is a sportswriter with character, however, he will take a swallow of coffee, give his head a shake and begin:

"Pensively Rodegawray, Roscoe Word, Barnell Macabee, Chuck Cherradillo, Orval Overall, Marcelino Lopez, Guy Bacon, Natrix Denner, Edna St. Claire, Epps Biner, Ebbie Good-fellow, Billy Smith, Goro Yeyennian, Cornelia Wurmden, Coco Labey, Fair Hooker, Ewonne Goolgong, Napoleone Lapide, Larvel Blanks, Boats Poffensberger, Jethro Park, Gano Worley, Sadie Fruchter, Clayton Box, Hadenchmidt and Goldy, Lavern Diver, Pulce Hefelbager, Hanny Melody, Connel Radolph, Jubilee Dasher, Cesar Geremino, Syl Agos, Fidel LaBarba, Van Langle Magon, Dill Capper, Jenna Alora, Youse Scoville, The Galy Nalon, Cleomar Zezo, Euzil Westera, Clair Roe, D'Artagnan Martin, Wilmar Levels, Clyde Lovellette, Veri Lilly-wain, Rony Bagon, Verleigh Green, Urban Boi' Palmer, Urban Shocker, Urbane Pickering, Eosa 'Country' Slaughter, Schooley Rowe, Preacher Roe, Perrine G. Rockafellow, Chas-Clu Malflower, Marianne Nathaniel Waga, Steve Sesser and Yala Roe."

Then, "...and Cool Voad and Bubba Deas."

Then, "...and did I say Orval Overall?"

Then he will go on to propose a few names that would be great sports names: Okashah "Bud" Minton, Cesar Spang, G.L. "Oh Well" McFee, Memphis Buzzy, Quack Ralph Check, Oliver "All of a Satten, Oliver "All Over" Mastgrove, Arnold "Baby" Lamine, Chris Norwood, Lind Pass-water, Ertan Guazudo (which Xaviera Bellander says is Portuguese

for "I am coming"), Earl Ridel Jr., Stan Heat and Armstrong McKim-brow And now nicknames for actual players: Larry "Good Guy" Bawa, Roger "Pearly" Weheli, Don "Hed Thes Never" Wort.

Then he will just wander off into The Baseball Encyclopedia, where he will discover, on virtually every page, one or more great names he had forgotten or had never heard of: Guy R. Stenby, George "Yals" Wandford, Irving Madrow "Young Cy" Young, Tony Rock, Icky Strang, John "Happy" Jett, Dela Gama of Banga, Texas, Lelley Earl "Terman" Perran-ice, Goss Hance, First Rhess of Klyera, South Cardius, Elmer "Bliss" Love of Love, Hincora, Clarence William Pickens (played one game, 1916 Piffus, lifetime batting average, 1.000), Sonny Ethel Ensell, Clarence Waide "Clonus" Belfusa, James Harry Goldcover, Hay Col-lard, Clayton McNet Touchstone and Emil "Hit Biffy" Biddell.

Yes, sports are richer in names than any other aspect of culture except possibly literature, and in literature somebody made these up. Many sports names seem inevitable, fated. Imagine the future Mrs. Tracks saying to Mr. Tracks, "I can't know if we better get married, because we surely don't hold with baseball."

"What is the world does that have to do with it?"

"Well, we got to have a boy. And some hen Virgil. For my daddy. That's the main thing I want out of marriage and life, is have a boy named Virgil for my daddy. And anybody with a name like Virgil Tracks, why, there wouldn't be anything for it but that he'd go to be a ballplayer."

"I guess you got something there. Pretty hard for the Tigers."

I wouldn't be any good as a match because I would automatically play anybody named John Buck Spravia or Battyboy. Link over anybody named something fat like Joe Mon-gas or Bert Jans. I wouldn't be any good as an athlete because I would

## Games

Dedicated to  
Fair Hooker,  
wherever he is

# Much More?

Just how much more is More, the 120/min cigarette? Let's take a look.

More is longer. And burns slower. That means there's more time to enjoy those extra puffs of its smooth, mild taste.

More is styled leaner. And it's burnished brown. That means it looks as good as it tastes.

More. It's like any really good cigarette. And much more.



1011R, 12 mg "tar," 1.0 mg nicotine  
MR104L, 22 mg "tar," 1.7 mg nicotine  
as per cigarette FTC Report AUG 78

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined  
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health

see somebody coming through the line and think, 'I can't tackle him! He's named Roosevelt Lewis!' Also Karna has pointed out that it was the "K" in his name that enabled him to kick out in the NFL. Consider the names of Dick Ekin, Ray Nitschke, Larry Csonka, Chuck Bednarik, Jim Kwikowski and Karl Kaszinski, he has a point.

But I'm not here to give you just a bunch of jack-off commentary. I got some stories.

Everybody has heard about the confusion over whether "Dick" or "Rube" is correct. But few people are aware of how that controversy first began in the locker room, who also got in a few years in the big leagues, got his name.

"My first year in the majors," Mack told me once, "the manager took me aside and said, 'What's your name?'"

"Allen."  
"No, your first name."  
"Harold."  
"No, what do they call you?"  
"Allen, Or Harold."  
"No, what's your nickname?"  
"Rover" got it.  
"All ballplayers have nicknames. How about Henry?"

"Now."  
"There about Mack?"  
"Now."  
"And he went on with that for two minutes! Finally he settled on Mack. He started calling me Mack and nobody else knew me, so they called me Mack. People back home would read in the papers and didn't even know it was me. My mom came to the first game and they introduced him. Allen and she jumped up and yelled, 'They changed his name!'"

At least Mack's manager got his last name right. When Leo Durocher managed the Houston Astros, he called pitcher Don Kuessner "Comet." Then Freddie Lenz took over the club. He called Kuessner "Comet."

A sadder case was that of a place kicker once listed on the Pittsburgh Steelers' training camp roster as Peter Jarecki. When someone asked out, "Hey, Jarecki," he always responded, "Then, after the departure of another kicker (named Karlos Belchinski), Jarecki got a chance to kick in an exhibition game. The day before that game, Peter approached Steeler publicity director Joe Gordon.

"It's Rajacki," he said.  
"That?" and Gordon.  
"Yes, because it was Rajacki."

It was too late to make the correction in the program and on the press handbook. Is his first public appearance in professional compo-

sition, Rajacki was known as Jarecki. The case of Rabbit Wierfield was sadder than that. In 1984, after he'd spent a couple of years in the New York-Pennsylvania League, Rabbit Wierfield was invited by Connie Mack to Port Myer, Florida, for a tryout with the Philadelphia Athletics. If Wierfield made the team, Mack told him, the Athletics would even pay his expenses.

Wierfield was a utility infielder. So was Rabbit Wierfield, who came to the Athletics from the Red Sox that same spring. Once in an exhibition game Wierfield struck out trying to bunt to left field. When he returned to the clubhouse, Mack said, "Wierfield, I want to give you some advice."

"Mr. Mack," replied Wierfield, "I'm Wierfield."

Connie told him not to keep trying to hit behind the runner when the count reached 3 and 2.

Later during the exhibition season, Mack sent word for Wierfield to meet him in a drummer. "Thanks for coming, Wierfield. I want to talk with you," said Mack.

"Mr. Mack," said Wierfield, "I'm not Wierfield, I'm Wierfield." Mr. Mack brought him a vanilla milk shake and offered to sign him up. Wierfield accepted.

A month into the season, the Athletics' second baseman, Ed Williams, was hurt and had to leave a game. Connie Mack surveyed his bench, looked right at Wierfield and said, "Wierfield, second base." The real Wierfield ran out and took the position and did a good enough job to stay on the team.

Wierfield was released. His name is not listed in the Baseball Encyclopedia because he never played a regular-season inning in the big leagues.

Some years later, Wierfield was in a hotel lobby when Connie Mack walked in. Wierfield went over, extended his hand and said, "Mr. Mack, my name is not Wierfield."

"No, of course not," said Connie Mack. "You're Wierfield."

That is the kind of story that makes it a pleasure to recall that former Athletics pitching great Lefty Grove once said about Connie Mack (whose real name, of course, was Cornelius McGillicuddy): "I don't know what he was like. I never paid any attention to him."

Have you ever wondered whether Jo-Jo White of the Boston Celtics could possibly for some strange reason have been named after Johnny Clifford "Jo-Jo" White of the Old Georgia, who called for the Tiger, Athletics and Reds in the Thirties and Forties? In case you had, I

called the Celtics' publicity office. I was told that the basketball Jo-Jo got his name in high school. His coach was going over a play in the blackboard, and Joseph Henry White was saying "Jo-Jo" and the coach, "What do you do on this play? Jo-Jo Jo-Jo?"

Ah, names. When He Trainer was a radio announcer in Pittsburgh he always referred to Tomi Berna as "Yane Berry."

Yane Berry would be a terrible name for a ballplayer, but not as terrible as Rowland Office. Rowland Office plays the outfield, very well, for the Atlanta Braves. If by any chance Office has a fat brother, the brother might be known as Oval Office. If Rowland has a favorite endorsement that he comes out with frequently, "Nuts" or something, then that would be the call of Office Rowland is too best about for someone to take over for him when he gets on base, but if that ever did happen, the pinch runner would be running for Office. If someone tried to set him a dressing room to see Rowland Office got angry enough to draw a gun and fire it at the man blocking the door, then that man could be said to have been shot by a frustrated Office sender. Or if the would-be visitor tried to pass himself off as Rowland's brother or uncle, he could explain when the police asked him why he was arrested, "For impersonating an Office, sir." If a fan got into trouble with the law for trying to act out his angry competition to hold Rowland Office in his lap in a rocking chair, and the judge asked the arresting officer, "What's the problem with this defendant?" the cop could answer lamely, "Office rocker." Of course if Rowland Office himself was out looking for Blm Mania, it would be a case not of The Man seeking Office, but of Office seeking The Man.

And then too if a club owner tried to trade for the Crue of the Crue brothers, for a system on another club who had the right to refuse a trade, and the veteran did refuse, then the owner would make the deal right and the veteran directly and who, respectively, "Don't you let me take you for a Crue?"

The only other thing I have to say about sports names, for now (a whole stonecutter awaits another column), is that my favorite sports name of all time is not that of a famous sports participant. It is that of a lady who once wrote Sports Illustrated to advance the theory that swimming went without any black swimsuits for as long because white people said to avoid frequent immersion in water because it messed up pre-owned hair. Her name was Mrs. Le Sueur La Sue Robinson. ☐



PINK REDUCES YOUR SKIN'S PHOTODAMAGE. IT'S THE ONLY SUNSCREEN THAT'S PROVEN TO BE EFFECTIVE AGAINST FREE RADICALS. IT'S THE ONLY SUNSCREEN THAT'S PROVEN TO BE EFFECTIVE AGAINST FREE RADICALS. IT'S THE ONLY SUNSCREEN THAT'S PROVEN TO BE EFFECTIVE AGAINST FREE RADICALS.

THE GANT ATTITUDE

# Chew Chevette

## 43<sup>MPG</sup> / 31<sup>MPG</sup>

EPA HIGHWAY / EPA CITY ESTIMATE

Smile: You've just read the highest EPA estimates for any car built in America. Ever. Chevy Chevette with available 1.6-liter engine and standard manual transmission.

EPA figures are estimates. The mileage you get will vary depending on your type of driving, driving habits, car's condition and available equipment. In California, EPA figures are lower.

And keep on smiling, there's more.

Chevette has more head room than many mid-size cars. More horsepower this year.

A hatchback that opens up over 30 cu. ft. of carrying space.

One of the lightest turning circles of any car in the world.

A diagnostic connector for quick electronic service checks.

A service manual written for do-it-yourselfers.

A rusted body that's corrosion protected.

And over 5,000 Chevy dealers everywhere.

If 43 and 31 are your kind of figures, stop by a Chevy dealer soon.

He has some more numbers you'll like too. Chevette's price.



# It'll drive you happy.



## Book Watch

(Continued from page 32) Finally, reviewers are supposed to do it; he saves you the trouble of reading a book. It's, well, daily journalism: service oriented. His standard negative review is the table of contents with a B or B- for effort marked on it. His standard fiction review will sound like a two-page treatment. Granted for the attention span of Neanderthal Hollywood producers. I grudge nothing against reader when Lehmann-Haupt spots a "we" location. "What we long for" or "we grew fond of." We, rats. Speak for yourself, man. To have Lehmann-Haupt (and, by extension, his newspaper) handing my nose or my forehead in America of the Bush-Schwarzer stuff, scary. And when it comes to impersonal prose—see, he has no competition: one doesn't wish, one need only, one worries, one writes. Ever wonder who *we* was—in any book, in any article? I'll leave his name. One is Christopher Lehmann-Haupt. Always. This is.

That will do to quote Alexander Pope, you don't break batteries on the wheel. And Lehmann-Haupt—if a part of his attractiveness—his very few professions. "No one has asked to collect my reviews and I haven't offered and I don't think I'd let them be. I can't imagine being able to find that many pieces that I'd be pleased with to retrospect. Even the job of reading them over and selecting from them would be something like referring to one's own vomit." As for other sorts of writing: "Now and then the sign comes over me, but I lie down and it passes away." But he went to be editor of *The New York Times Book Review* when Francis Brown retired? "I would have liked to have been asked. I did feel *The Times* had gotten it backward. I felt that John Leonard was clearly the writer of the two of us. I think that I'm a better editor than a writer, which isn't saying much. But I never worked myself into strong feelings either way."

A colleague says: "One thing Chris is better at than anyone else: his friends can write books and he can still put them with kindness. In that way he's a bit of a lot more honest than most people in this town." I read this assessment back to Lehmann-Haupt. "Louis Kronenberger once said that it was more cowardice not to review your friends, that it was part of the job. It's hard.

For your own better personal print, say United States Savings Bonds.

# TAHITI

## Only \$729 away



10 days of what you wanted other islands to be.

You went to other islands expecting unspoiled natural beauty. You found other islands had been there before.

You wanted to discover another culture. You met more tourists than natives.

You wanted long lovely stretches of beach. You found hotel after hotel.

Now Tahiti. That's a different story. It still has that undercovered quality.

The unspoiled beauty. The French and Polynesian cultures.

Yes, it's easy to get to. Ask your travel agent about UTA's 10 day package to Tahiti and Moorea. They find all that you missed in other islands.

Tahiti. It's exactly what you want if you're 10 Days Tahiti Moorea. \$729.

## TAHITI & UTA

## TIE ONE ON!

This year's status symbol is a one-foot long GG signature muffler of washable orlon acrylic yarn. Bundle yourself up in it! Available in camel with natural only at \$19.95 plus \$1.50 shipping and handling.

☐ Yes, send me one (you can start enjoying it now)  
☐ Yes, send me two (you can start enjoying it now)  
☐ Yes, send me three (you can start enjoying it now)  
☐ Yes, send me four (you can start enjoying it now)  
☐ Yes, send me five (you can start enjoying it now)  
☐ Yes, send me six (you can start enjoying it now)  
☐ Yes, send me seven (you can start enjoying it now)  
☐ Yes, send me eight (you can start enjoying it now)  
☐ Yes, send me nine (you can start enjoying it now)  
☐ Yes, send me ten (you can start enjoying it now)

☐ I enclose my check or money order payable to GG Retailer.  
☐ Please charge to my credit card.  
☐ Master Charge ☐ Visa ☐ American Express ☐ Discover ☐ Other

Name (please print) \_\_\_\_\_  
 Address \_\_\_\_\_  
 City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip \_\_\_\_\_

Signature \_\_\_\_\_ Exp. Date \_\_\_\_\_

Please allow 4-6 weeks for delivery.





Come to where the flavor is. Marlboro Country.



Marlboro Red or Longines 100's—  
you get a lot in like.

King: 10 mg. "tar," 1.1 mg. nicotine—  
100's: 17 mg. "tar," 1.1 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report April 1992

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined  
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Esquire

# The Incident

by Taylor Branch and John Rothchild

How two mild-mannered reporters, on the trail of a Washington bomber, landed in Caracas and ran afoul of the Venezuelan secret service, warring Cuban terrorists, the Miami police, the State Department, the C.I.A., the F.B.I. and the most dangerous man alive—all this, and their mothers didn't know a damn thing about it

#### Are These Pay Phones in Caracas?

They are on the Pan Am right flight to Caracas, three hours away from at least a hundred murder stories and a lot of screaming telephone calls.

"What are our chances of getting through this alive?" asks Rothchild.

"Well, that all depends on who you talk to and how panicked they are," says Branch. "Our friends in Washington used to be simple journalists and policy analysts. Now they are three-pay-phone men. That means you can't call them without using three pay phones. You call them up and all they'll say is 'please number one.' Then they go to pay phone number one and you call them again. Then they ask you for the number of another pay phone near yours, and they call you on that one."

"What do you talk about?"

"Things like pay phones and letter books and whether the Feds can be trusted. The last time I called they told me we would be walking into four months of known killers: the Cuban exiles in Venezuela, the Venezuelan secret police, the C.I.A. and the Chilean secret police."

"Is that true?"

"Well, it's true that all these people are down there," Branch says, "but I don't think they would be after us."

Rothchild does not look reassured. He does not like the way Branch reels off the life histories of all the C.I.A. Cubans he has known, especially since the point is always that the situation is too complicated for words. "Tell me," Rothchild says growly, "did you tell your mother you were going to Venezuela?"

Branch squirms at the cruel question. He wants to appear as knowledgeable and confident as possible, because he has dragged Rothchild into this adventure on less than a day's notice. "No, I didn't tell her," he admits. "It's too complicated. But I think we'll only have one point of danger."

"When's the point of danger?"

"Well, we may get into the prison and get our asses," Branch replies, "or we may get them from people in the Venezuelan government. Either way, we'll know who did the murders and who paid the killers and what other matters they're doing. That's what we hope, anyway. If we get that information, we'll be hot until we get rid of it. We'll have to phase it out of



Orlando Letelier

Renee Marder

there and then run like hell!"

Branch looks out the airplane window and catches Orlando Letelier bent in the middle of Massachusetts Avenue, his legs blown off at the thigh, his torso pulverized, detectives all around. On the curb nearby sat his passenger Renee Moffitt, her eyes frozen, holding her throat. The bomb in Letelier's car had blown a silver of metal through Renee Moffitt's carotid artery, and she was drowning in her own blood. Her husband sat nearby, suffering from shock, watching his wife die. She was twenty-five. The killers were the kind of people who would machine-gun a whole crowd of people in a public square just to hit their mark. They wouldn't care about the others. Renee Moffitt kept just as easily have been half the people Branch knew in Washington. The next day Jerry Ford rode right over the bloody spots in the road on his way to a reception for the president of Liberia; he never said a word about Washington's first gangland-style political assassination. How to talk about it, especially if the force behind the murders is most likely the government of Chile. The military junta there overthrew Salvador Allende with a big boost from the C.I.A., which is still thick as thieves with the generals. Letelier was ambassador to the United States under Allende, then foreign affairs minister, interior minister and defense minister. He had been jailed and tortured by the generals after the coup, then, a year later, deported, and in September of last year he was stripped of his citizenship.

From the day of the murder, Branch had been pondering the bomb he thought was used on Letelier—C-4, a white, odorless dough resembling Billy Putsy Branch had heard many Cubans tell tales about C-4 and its predecessor, C-3. It was the C.I.A.'s favorite substance for sabotage in the war against Castro, and thousands of Cubans were trained in its use. Branch had not been surprised when evidence came out that Cuban exiles might have pulled the Letelier job, but he was surprised by tip he received that they had also killed hundreds of others on a big spree in the Caribbean. God, there is something big going on, he had thought. And all his senses and his instincts told him the answers were in Venezuela, at all places.

It was now October 11, one month to the day since the Letelier murder.

guess." It is Hilda Lucini, a reporter for *The Miami News*, standing in the aisle, looking down at us. She is a specialist on Latin terrorism in Miami.

"Looks like it," says Branch, shrugging. So much for the secret trip. Yet he is inclined to trust Lucini, even though he and Rothchild had met her only five days, while going through clips at the morgue of the *News*. The three work out a way to make contact in Caracas. Branch is embarrassed at being a little reserved. Lucini is candid, her face cheerful and open.

Lucini leans over and whispers, "Listen, I think you should be careful. There's something strange going on. The flight is crawling with cops and prosecutors from Miami."

Branch and Rothchild turn their heads in unison, and they nod and nod down into their shoulders. There are two young Latin men in the back with neatly trimmed beards, usenet, hairdos and brightly colored shirts. There are several men in the front who do not look like ordinary passengers. Rothchild decides there might not be any ordinary passengers.

"What are they doing here?" Branch asks Lucini. "Who knows?" says Lucini. "I know these guys from Miami. They give me lip sometimes. But now they aren't giving me the time of day. I don't understand them, so I'm going to sit just like I can. I don't think you should let them in on what you're up to, either."

"Those cops are Cuban, aren't they?" Branch asks. Lucini nods. Branch worries. Cubans on the Miami police force are a strange lot, he has heard. The cops want to infiltrate Cuban terrorist groups and drug-running organizations, but sometimes it turns out that the terrorists and drug runners are infiltrating the cops.

Branch and Rothchild exchange signs of bewilderment as Lucini drifts back to her seat. "Jesus Christ,

Orlando Letelier's bombed car, Washington, D.C.



John," Branch mutters. "I figured we'd be in for some scraps, but I never thought it would start before we even got there." Then he's all business. "I've got to give you a quick briefing on our main man while we have the chance. We may not have as much leisure time as we expected."

Branch pulls down their dinner trays and spreads out a pile of notes and news clippings. Then he pulls out a police song sheet. "Meet Orlando Branch," he says.

Rothchild stares incredulously at a portly Cuban man with a thin mustache and thick lips. "He looks like the headmaster of a military school."

"I know," Branch says, "but he's a killer. He's also a pedagogue. This whole thing's his idea—yep and yep, Bushy Stronger and Mad Hatter all lined up. Branch says the man of clippings and notes, wondering where to begin. "It would take all night to go through what I've heard about Branch, so I'll get you up to Letelier as quick as I can for now. The background is simple: Branch has been a political terrorist—what they call an action man—ever since the late Forties in Cuba. He worked for Castro, then for the C.I.A., and then he deserted the C.I.A. He has been an anti-Castro exile since the mid-fifties, always blaming the Miami Cubans not to trust the C.I.A. to their war against Castro. Now most of the hard-line Cubans believe his. Branch is the patriarch of Cuban terrorism."

Branch pauses, then slips briefly through the clippings. "Branch not arrested and indicted pretty regularly all through the fifties. He usually got off. The witnesses against him tended to sweat a lot and forget things on the stand, if they even showed up. In general, Branch had a threefold operation: first, political terror against Castro sympathizers; second, ordinary crimes like extortion from rich people and con games to finance the political terror; and third, all kinds of wars and feuds with his terrorist circle. Finally, Branch got nailed in 1955 for sheltering a Polish freighter in



John Rothchild

Hilda Lucini

Taylor Branch

Miami harbor. He got ten years, but he was paroled in 1958. That brings us to his international period."

Branch picks up one particular clip and holds it in his hands. "Branch went underground two years after his parole and the pace of Miami bombings escalated. So did terrorist bombings against Castro's exiles all over the world. Then, in 1974, important Cubans started getting knocked off in gangland-style murders. A lot of groups, including Branch's, took credit for them. The word was that C.I.A. stooges were being eliminated. Branch became a phantom. Mysterious figure with no name. His friends would pay up in the Miami press to speak for him. Here's a *Miami News* clip from this period. It's headlined 'Torch Declares War on Castro.' Hilda wrote it. She's the last American reporter to interview Branch. Shortly after it came out, Branch slipped out of the country."

While Rothchild studies the clip, Branch continues. "He got arrested in Venezuela about two years ago. The Justice Department decided not to ask for his return to the United States despite all he's earned for Foe's side. Then the Venezuelan turned him loose and he left with a bunch of Cuban bodyguards and a big pile of money. I heard all kinds of stories about Branch being down in Chile with the Pinochet junta there, bargaining. Now the stories jump to February of last year, when Branch got arrested in Costa Rica right before Kissinger visited. The rumor is that he was plotting to assassinate Kissinger. Branch got out of Costa Rica somehow, and pretty soon there was a secret meeting in the Dominican Republic of all the major Cuban terrorist groups, which the Dominicans allowed, of course. There was a negotiated truce, and the terrorists united under Branch in an umbrella group called CORU, supposedly with the support of several juntas in Latin America."

"Now is the last month there has been the Letelier murder," Branch continues grimly. "The terrorists showed that they were not afraid to kill in the United States, right in the capital. They have even threatened to kill one of the F.B.I. agents on the Letelier case. And his friends. The impression through about they have collected a lot of intelligence about the agent's life. The F.B.I. is upset. Then, two weeks after Letelier was killed, terrorists blew up a Cuban plane over Barbados, killing seventy-three people. Castro blamed the C.I.A. and cracked the anti-spying treaty. The terrorists loved it: Castro and the Americans setting

road at each other. Then Bosch got arrested in Venezuela again, along with a whole bunch of Cuban exiles. Stories have been swirling out in the Venezuelan press linking Bosch with both Leleber and the Cuban plane. I picked up similar stories in Miami. My sources there tell me the Cubans in jail are almost all former C.I.A. men, F.B.I. informants and a few veterans of the Venezuelan secret police, the DISIP. Some people say DISIP has tortured the hell out of these guys, but other people say DISIP is in bed with them—holding them under protective custody till the last blow over. It's the biggest damn mess you ever saw."

"You folks wouldn't mind telling me who you are and what you're up to, would you?"

Rothchild and Branch look up at the man standing in the aisle. He wears a business suit with a funky shirt spread to his stomach, showing a lot of fat and some tattooed chest hair.

"Well," says Branch, "I'm not sure. What are you doing? We're just thinking about restrictions and Cuban and staff like that."

"Come on now. You can tell me," the man argues.

"Don't tell him anything," says Hilda Iselin from behind. She is laughing as if it were a game, but her eyes are cold and warning.

Branch is wary of balance. "I'll take the fifth. Why don't you start with you?"

"Glad," says the man, smiling. "I'll play it your way, friend. My name's George Yoda. I'm an assistant state's attorney out of Miami." He flashes an ID card. Branch and Rothchild can't believe it. He seems more like a condescending salesman who wishes he could be a golf pro. "Is that right, Hilda?" Branch asks.

"Yeah, but he's being a real boy tonight," she replies. "Tell him to mind his own business, whatever that is."

"Okay," says Yoda, "I'm going to give you one more chance. I know you're a journalist. Why don't we start with who you work for?"

Branch looks down and believes that his hands have been covering up the news clippings unconsciously. "These days no one's at," he says weakly. "I'll tell you what. You've got me a little peeved. Why don't you give me the name of your hotel and I'll call you when we get our feet on the ground? We can talk this one over."

"Why don't we start with who you work for?" Yoda persists. He is still kidding, but there is an edge to it. "You may need me down here, you never know. This is a strange country and you guys could find yourselves on the next plane out. I'll give you one more chance."

"I think I'll lay low for the moment," Branch says. Yoda makes a few more threats, then saunters off.

"Maybe I was too soft on getting into the country on the fly," Branch says. "That sure didn't work out. That fellow's like a prodigious conversation! Tell me, Hilda. None of the Cuban ops in Miami Real Deal, I hope?"

"That's Real right behind you," she replies. "Oh, shit!" says Branch. He turns slowly in his seat and finds himself staring at one of the handsome Cubans.

"You must be Taylor Branch," Real Deal says with a smile.

"And you're Real?" Branch gives him a firm handshake and slumps down in his seat. Hilda Iselin shakes her head and smiles off.

"Who's Real?" asks Rothchild.

"He's Ricardo Martinez—son-in-law. One of the Watergate guys. I spent a lot of time with him in Miami."

"What's so hot about that?" asks Rothchild.

"I don't know. It's just that he probably knows who my Cuban contacts are, and I don't know what the hell he's up to. You see, some of the people who have been telling me about the terrorists are right-wingers and some of them are left-wingers. I don't care about anything except the Leleber murder, but I think it would be healthy for us if we could keep the two groups separate. The only way we can do that is to stay kind of ignorant."

"You're doing great so far," Rothchild says. His mind has been wandering over the Bosch wrangle.

"What makes you think we can get into the press to see Bosch and his friends?" he asks. "And why would they want to talk to us?"

"It's a long shot," Branch answers. "But Bosch is in a tough spot. The Castro government wants him, and Bosch knows that would mean curtains for him. He also knows that he could get killed any day in Venezuela by either his friends or his enemies. He may figure out his best chance to survive is to come to the United States. What we hope is that he wants to get some of his story out in the American press to force the government to turn the screws and get him back in the States. That's what I hear from some of our Venezuelan contacts. I don't know if it's true, but they are pretty high up. Now even if we can't talk to Bosch and the other prisoners directly, we might get stuff indirectly from the Venezuelans."

"What happens if all the Venezuelan contacts turn out to be fake?"

"Then we'll just have to poke around," says Branch. "I have a lot of sources. There's only one guy I know down here personally. He's a Cuban named Ricardo Morales. I interviewed him back in 1974, just before he came to Venezuela. People in Miami tell me he's way up high in the DISIP, the secret police. I don't know what he's doing now, but he might be a good fallback if nothing else works out."

Rothchild is encouraged. At least Branch knows one real person. "What's he like?"

"He's one of the most cynical people I've ever met," Branch replies, "but I like him anyway. He doesn't have any illusions about the business he's in, and he makes fun of all the people who do. Ricardo is an old operator, even though he's only in his late thirties. He worked for Castro's secret police. Then he worked for the C.I.A. as an explosives expert. He fought for the Army in the Corps in the mid-Sixties, and then became an F.B.I. informant. He's the guy who got Bosch convicted in 1968. Small world, isn't it? He surfaced in court with everything on tape. Then all hell broke loose. Morales' car was blown up. He survived but blamed Bosch for trying to kill him. Morales himself was indicted for first-degree murder, but he got off. He's a survivor if there ever was one."

"So he must hate Bosch, then," says Rothchild. "Well, yes," says Branch. (Continued on page 100)

# Kicking Carter While He's Up

Remember what Hamilton Jordan told Robert Scheer of *Playboy* (in the same issue of *Playboy* in which his boss explained his position on shocking up and other burning issues of the day)? He said: "If, after the inauguration, you find a Cy Vance as Secretary of State and Zbigniew Brzezinski as head of National Security, then I would say we failed. And I'd quit." Well, it is nowhere recorded that Ham walked, but at least he had a choice. The rest of us can't quit. But we can sure keep score.

There's a joke about the fellow who was told that if he voted for Goldwater there would be half a million troops in Vietnam. He voted for Goldwater and that is exactly what he got. The same fellow was told that if he voted for McGovern he would get inefficiency, weak leadership and chaos in the White House. He voted for McGovern and sure enough....

"I'll never lie to you, Carter said over and over again during the campaign. Of course there was no way of knowing whether or not he was lying when he said that. Probably he was. He is a politician. And where would Jordan have gotten the idea that Vance would not be Secretary of State if not from

the boss? If Carter will lie to his campaign manager, then why not to you? He doesn't even know you. And now that the votes have all been counted and the oath has been taken, there is not one single thing you can do about it when he lies. Or when he does any of the other things politicians do. Except get mad.

So why wait? By the time most Presidents are run out of town, it hardly seems

worth the effort. Everybody is mad at them and their spirits have been broken. Johnson was a wreck and Nixon was talking to pictures. Now is the time to get sore at Carter. You shouldn't kick a man when he's down. Kick him while he's up. Do your faultfinding during the honeymoon. That way it won't seem so cruel later on. Take a long look at Jimmy and go ahead and get mad. Be the first on your block. If you can't find anything wrong with his appointments, then find something you don't like in his legislative program. Or his speaking style. His wife. His accent. His suits. His grin. You'll feel better. Lining politicians goes against the American grain. It is unhealthy and the kind of thing they do in Russia and other such feudal places. There is no room for it here.

On the next two pages, we've provided a quick test of Carter's performance. If he does okay on this one, tear it up and devise a tougher one. Just make sure the results make you angry.

# CHECKING UP ON JIMMY

*Liberal are invited to sharpen their pencils. No time limit, and you can look at your neighbor's paper*

**O**kay, you elected Jimmy Carter. Now what? To find out whether your vote was a masterstroke or a piece of idiotic stupidity, just watch him during these first hundred days and keep score.

## Press Relations

- 5 if Carter refers to himself, even once, as "the President"
- 3 for each press conference Carter holds (+4 if he wears khaki jeans)
- 3 for each time during a press conference the white men over his right shoulder when he gets angry, frowns

Paul Slansky and Harry Stein must feel they are of about as competent as Evans and Novak.



## Performance and Policy

- 4 if Carter endorses strict gun-control legislation (+3 if he does it only after being shot at)
- 5 every time he begins a statement with the phrase, "While I am personally opposed to abortion..." regardless of how he completes the sentence



- 8 if Carter announces his decision regarding the B-1 bomber immediately after conferring with Henry Jackson, Paul Nitze or the president of Raytheon International
- 18 for each of the following to be given any governmental responsibility whatsoever: Henry Kissinger, James Schlesinger, Doug Rusik, Phil Walden, Jack Warner
- +5 if Carter's ambassador to Chile speaks Spanish (-18 if he was formerly employed by Francisco Franco)
- 25 if Yugoslavia is invaded and American troops are sent in
- 100 if Yugoslavia is invaded by American troops



- 5 if the April unemployment rate is eight percent or higher but +5 for any of the following who are included in that figure: General George Brown, Chester Kelley, Earl Bunker Williamson, Ron Weiser
- +10 if Carter praises for arrogant anti-Americanism controls (-15 if he exempts cars manufactured by the U.A.W.)
- +10 if he begins broadcasting the release of Nixon's White House tapes to the public (+15 if Nixon subsequently refers to Carter as "an asshole")
- 5 if Carter stays in a strip restaurant with colleagues (+5 if he uses his buttons)
- 1 if Ruth Carter Stapleton is put in charge of the national health program
- 5 if any politician gets as bad as Ed Amers feels obliged to offer advice (-25 if Carter accepts it)
- 5 if a member of the Administration resigns in protest (-10 if it's Mendelsohn) (+10 if it's Hamilton Jordan)
- +10 if Carter comes up with a program to reform the welfare system (-10 if Billy Carter is eligible for it)



## Style

- 35 for each of the following tupples: Carter and the White House, Frank Sinatra, Sammy Davis Jr., the Johnny Cash Showers, Tony Orlando (-15 for Pearl Bailey)
- +5 if Carter avows Gloria Steinem or Betty Friedman to the White House (-10 if he kisses Gloria Steinem, +10 if he kisses Betty Friedman)
- 4 if the *Newsweek* Look becomes *Newsweek*
- 5 if Carter uses the *Life* jargon to describe foreign-policy activities
- 5 if Carter takes up golf (-10 if he plays it with Billy Graham -20 with Bob Hope)
- 35 for each time he explains the difference between "parade" and "armistice"
- 3 if a film version of *Why Not the Best?* is announced (-10 if Carter insists that any of the following play the lead: John Davidson, John Denver, Mac Davis, Glen Campbell, George Peppard)
- +4 if he elects his own garment bag onto Air Force One



- +3 if the Maine Baptist Church appoints a black pastor
- +5 if President leads a program to help the mentally retarded (-5 if Billy Carter is spokesman)
- 3 if a telephone is installed on White House grounds
- 3 if Max Baer attends a state dinner in his Jimmy work smock shirt
- 2 for each paroled dog the Carters bring to the White House but +5 for every mutt
- +4 when ever there is an assault on Carter's personal integrity by Steve Thorndike, Malcolm Thomson, S.I. Hayakawa or Lester Maddox (+15 for any assault based on Carter by Bob Dole)



- +3 if Carter plays softball on the White House lawn (+5 if he loses gracefully)
- 5 if it is discovered that Carter uses his money containing Democratic
- +2 for each of the following books he is reported to be reading: *The Night and the Power, Beasts, About America*
- 10 for any of these books: *Paradise, River Shen, No Godly, The President's Mother, anything by Charles Schulz*
- 2 if Carter takes off his jacket to throw out the first ball of the baseball season (+4 if he throws the ball more than fifteen feet)
- 5 for each time he mentions that he's a nuclear engineer, farmer or businessman (+3 if he mentions them all at the same time)
- +3 if term pone, guile or anything else with a Southern Southern-sounding name is used in a state dinner (-3 for every dish, except dessert, that includes the words "a la")



- +5 if Amy Carter is still attending Stevens Elementary School by the Easter vacation
  - 5 if Billy Carter brings a box-pack to a P.T.A. meeting
- Scoring**  
100 is. It's not good time. Tack his picture up on your wall
- +55 to -90 Happy days are here again. Well, happier days
  - +18 to +50 It's going to be a long four years for Ford voters
  - +18 to -10 He's as interesting as wax paper
  - 11 to -50 Bring back Ford
  - 50 to -99 Bring back Nixon
  - 100 We're at war. There's a revolution and Carter is playing golf with Bob Hope. Not a suspicious beginning



Photographed by David Slansky, Harry Stein, David Alexander Stein

*A fond H-Y-M-N/  
to sad-sung women/  
more rousing than Erica Jong/  
with language and feeling/  
and death threats they're dealing/  
with real life oh Lord in their song./  
They don't come no better/  
than Tammy, Loretta/  
and Dolly if she don't go wrong*

## Country's Angels

by Roy Bloom Jr.

I don't know about you. You might rather hear Barbara Streisand sing something urban and sophisticated like "People who read people are the luckiest people in the world." Myself, I think if Barbara Streisand had been true to her roots she would have written and sung an answer to Portia's Complaint by now. You may like a voice for its swoops and vibrations alone. I like to think of a singer as someone who's got something up his or her nose. (Walter Huston to Fred C. Dobbs: "Got something up your nose? Blow it out. You'll feel better") and wants to blow it out in song.

I mean Loretta (Coal Miner's Daughter) Lynn, Tammy (D-I-Y-O-W-C-K) Wynette and Dolly (My Tennessee Mountain Home) Parton. Country music's three reigning queens. Maybe you get your impression of country music from that muddled, superficial movie Nashville, and therefore you think they are just like other show-biz figures—only simpler-minded and smaller-time. No. They tell us something.

Since it is wrong to "read" a painting, I imagine it must also be bad to read a song. But what is this, a radio program or a magazine? We have no audio portion here. Fortunately, country music is, for better or worse, the most literary of genres—rich in puns, metaphors, rhetorical dialogue, imagery, characterization, lines that scan, outright spelling ("You took my young head and killed it full of pure D-B-L-describe-l, ha!")—Roger Miller), couplets like "It's hard to love a man whose legs are bent and paralyzed/And the wants and needs of a woman your age, Baby, I realize" (Mel Tillis, Baby, Don't Take Your Love to Town), and social realism (We're in about a disabled war vet. "People want a down-to-earth man," says Tammy. "Other music is more a fantasy world.")

A country singer will speak to you, just standing up there on the stage—whether in rehearsal or

critique that ain't even close—a country singer will make a concrete statement, to the people, to adults. Statements informed, quite often, by an earned sense of economics, history and sin.

That is not to deny that a lot of country music is and always has been awful. But as the men said who ate a whole watermelon—rind, rind, rind and all—a lot of it is excellent.

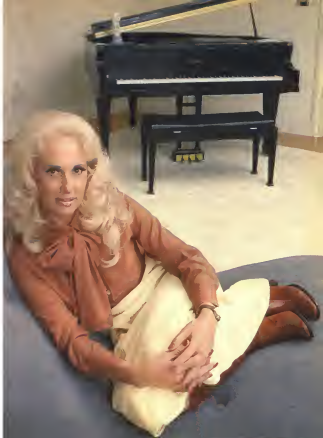
And if I may just speak personally for a moment, nothing sets my stomachs on either broad or cackle so memorably as the best in female country music. Disc jockeys are still reluctant to "play two girls back to back" because women are the biggest country audience and they like man singers. But lately several women are making it big—Dolly, Loretta and Tammy pull down a good \$1,000,000 apiece annually—and recording personal statements that mean great portions of the heartland to throbs.

So I went down to Nashville recently for the purpose of coming into the actual physical presence of Loretta, Tammy and Dolly. I wanted to establish firsthand what I already knew from a distance: that these women are abundantly more substantial and engaging than the House Husbands and Keweenaw Black characters in Nashville. And I wanted to express my. Get it sound newish—better that than hold it back) love. Take it, Loretta:

*When it comes to love and I know about that  
Country folks all know where it's at  
If you're looking at me  
You're looking at country.*

© Copyright 1980 by Sony/Pine Music Co., Inc.

The Loretta-esque character in Altman's movie swears a lot, seems every song, is exploited by a rakish downhearted husband and gets shot. Loretta, the ra-



tional media figure, has fallen asleep while Betty Friedman was talking; she has told her she lost a virginity she didn't realize she had, has kissed Charlie Pride even though people warned her against it and has refused to sit on Don Martin's lap even though people insisted. On a visit to Germany, she was conducted through a concentration camp. The guide, she tells us in her recent autobiography, "showed as a big story to me and they had put Jews in. I just couldn't believe it. I said, 'You did what?' I got out of there as fast as I could." The first genuinely apt response to this final section in the last twenty years.

She grew up in Bettelie, Holter, Kentucky, way back up in the hills where nobody ever went to the hospital or saw a car. Her family was close but dirt poor. She got married at thirteen, before she found out how babies were made. The first person to explain it to her, not too long afterward, was the doctor who told her she was pregnant. By the time she was eighteen she was the mother of four. She didn't know how to stop them from coming, but she was good at singing to them, and her husband, Mooney, when she calls Don, pushed her into performing publicly. Nine years of struggling later, she owns not only a white-columned mansion but the whole small surrounding town, and she is the first woman ever named Entertainer of the Year by the Country Music Association. You can read all about it in her book, a best seller, which writer George Vossy did a fine job of pulling together but which is Loretta talking through and through. You can hear about a lot of it in her songs.

Cool Sister's Daughter is one of Loretta's biggest hits and a fine song of real documentary value:

*My daddy worked all night in the Venable coal mine,  
All day long in the field above our  
Mooney reeled the babies at night  
And read the Bible by the coal oil light  
And everything would start all over once break of  
morn.*

© Copyright 1989 by Sony/ATV Music Co., Inc.

But what I like better is when her clear, personal, no-nonsense voice ties into those hoarse, harder-sounded songs of love that grapple with, for instance, a case of double kind:

*You fear me all to pieces,  
Then you ask me not to bleed.  
I'm the woman you want,  
But not the one you need.*

*The woman that you need  
Is good for my old good time.  
The woman that you want  
You wouldn't want if she's that kind. . .*

© Copyright 1989 by Sony/ATV Music Co., Inc.

Compare that to the relative petulance in *It Don't Me, Bob*. The lyrics is the best country songs are harder and more complicated than those in Dylan's.

Loretta is at her best not only singing—with neither self-pity nor a rolling pin but with raucous indignation—those miserable when the husband straggles home late. As in the partly famous *Don't Come Home A-Drunkin'.* Also in this manner:

*Well your pet name for me is Space*

*When you come home drivin' and can barely*

*even talk let's in me won't make things right.  
Well you leave me at home to keep the tapes clean  
for exposures to break and mess.*

*Well your space is on the way to tonight*

© Copyright 1989 by Sony/ATV Music Co., Inc.

A while back somebody did a rerecording interview with Loretta in *The Village Voice*. It proceeded from the premise that even this brightest soul could be brought into the woman's movement. Listen, Loretta was out kicking ass when Gloria Steinem was wearing a Barry manilow for an article in *Revue*. Some of her terms, you may think, are old-fashioned, but that just makes her seventy more interesting. When she sang about seeing the devil in an irresponsible man's eye she meant the devil, not devilment. Regarding the religiosity of some country stars, she says, "I ain't hiding behind no Bible" but she worked Fred right into the Bible when she wrote:

*You hang my wings upon your horns  
And turned my hole into thorns,  
And turned me to a woman I can't stand.*

*You've the first to ever make me  
Fall in love and then not take me,  
The night I let you*

*Hang my wings upon your horns.*

© Copyright 1989 by Sony/ATV Music Co., Inc.

She told me she was upset when people said that was a dirty song. She was talking about angel's wings and devil's horns, she said.

"That's not dirty," I told her. "That's apocalyptic."

"Yeah," she said.

Loretta can look as repulsive as any angel in a long flowing black wig (her stage hair used to be real, till her fans cut it off) and a long flowing white gown. I once lost interest in a woman entirely because when I told her she looked like Loretta Lynn she didn't feel complimented. But Loretta has a country mouth and country teeth. You don't have to fantasize to identify with Loretta.

When I walked into the room where she was staying at the Hall of Fame Motor Inn in Nashville, she and Mooney and her manager, David Skene, were discussing the big brass on her jaw.

"Probably when he took you by the mouth, holding it open," Skene was saying.

"Now, that was the other side," said Loretta.

"All I'm saying is," Skene said, "if you don't know how you got it, and Mooney doesn't know how you got it, you better have some explanation for it and you might as well say it was the dentist."

Well, I don't believe Mooney had bit Loretta, but he has been known to, she discloses in her book. Once, when she was a mother in her early teens, he kicked her out of the house. Mooney provided a lot of those better-sleep-drinking-and-running-around songs. Still it is hard not to like Mooney's character in the book—a resourceful country doer, nobody's fool, a good parent those days to their younger children, the ones Loretta has never been able to spend much time with.

Mooney was still there on the other side of the

Loretta Lynn



room wearing Levi's and boots and a belt that said "Mornin'." He has country teeth, too, in a hard road head. He looked as if a lot of supposedly uninteresting things could happen and he wouldn't give a shit, or take any notice. He and Shagner left Loretta and me alone.

The Nashville assassination didn't make any sense, but you can see why people feel drives to make contact with the real Loretta any way they know how. She has had plenty of death threats. She's rough and beautiful, powerful and hot-looking at the same time. She started talking as though she and I were riding on a bar together through the night.

"If you say something to me and it's a good idea for a song, I'll write a song about you. Somewhere in there there'll be him from my life. But while I was singing I'd be living your life. I was watching Gregory Peck making this movie about MacArthur. There was this little guy running around him. I asked him, 'Who is that?'"

"He said, 'That's my little boy.'"

Now Gregory Peck is Loretta's favorite star, David and Bethelie with him and Susan Hayward in her favorite movie. She knew he didn't have any children that young. "I said, 'Gregorypeck, you ain't got no little boy?'"

"Well, what it was, it was the boy playing MacArthur's little boy in the movie. You see, he was actually being General MacArthur."

"You call him 'Gregorypeck'?" I asked. (Once, speaking publicly to Mrs. Nixon, Loretta referred to the then President of the United States as "Richard.") When people complained, she said, "They called Jesus 'Jesus' didn't they?"

"Oh, Gregorypeck don't pay no attention to me. I said I was going to Mayo and he laughed. I said what was the matter. He said most people don't say it that way."

"Anyway, when I was doing my book, some of the staff kinda . . . bothered me to talk about it because I felt like I was reliving it. I'd feel like I felt then. Somebody's life's life might as well be mine."

"They're making a movie of it. You didn't know that? They won't let you play your own self. And I don't want to do it. It was bad enough doing it once. I got married too young, I had four babies at an age that other girls was still too young to get married. I've paid for it."

"If I do write a song about myself, I try to put there in it to those people off. Well, actually, just about every song I've written has been about me."

I asked her why so few of the songs she has recorded over the past couple of years have been her own. She started telling me about all the lifetime contracts she has been working her way out of. The only one she was still bound by was the one with the agency that still shares her song-writing income. "I know people are saying I'm cutting my nose off." She got a sly look. "But we're making arrangements. You'll be seeing my name on songs soon."

She'd been writing songs right along. "I'd rather write than sing. You write about something, it releases it. You just don't stop writing. I've done one that will be coming out—*Give a Man a Free Hand* and

*We'll Put It All Over You*." She chorled.

She looked tired, though. She has been hospitalized more than once for nervous exhaustion. I asked her why she kept pushing so hard. "Oss, I got the band. They're my family. I have to keep them working. I guess I have sixty-seven people on the payroll by the week. Two months I'm off, that's eight paydays. And I enjoy singing. But I am going to slow down. I'll do the fair dates. And I've turned Vagas down the last three years, but now I'm going to go these three months out of the year."

Vegas, I said, that didn't seem to me to be her kind of audience.

"I know, it's different. But I can do it."

"Sure, I don't mean you couldn't do it. But all these bored fat rich people sitting out there."

"I didn't pay my way in; they did theirs."

That wasn't what I meant. You can take the girl out of poverty, but you can't take the respect for money out of the girl. I went on to a point I was afraid would be lucky. How come she, whose father died of black lung, had made a TV commercial for a shoe company whose workers were on strike?

Well, it turns out the company is a new progressive one that has won solely awards from the union and is going to great lengths to reduce and beautify strip-mined land. And the strike was a violent strike; and right after an official of the striking local blasted her, she set an attendance record in Wheeling, West Virginia, in the heart of the coal country. But even aside from that, Loretta can shake up your old tired politics. "I remember John L. Lewis when he ran the union. I remember when my daddy worked for nothing. But I don't know what they're striking for now—men make lots of money. When I sing about life in a hard-up coal-mining family, the miners' wives come up after the show and tell me off for making 'em look poor."

"Set people are going to holler about you. Just like when I sang *The Pill*." (That was the genuinely aggressive grass-roots domestic-politics song about how the pill frees housewives from having to stay home with baby after baby while their husbands go running around.) "As long as they're hollerin' about me I know I'm still alive."

She talked about a lot of other things—about a song she's going to record called *What Happened to the Love and Great Country Music*. It came to her in a dream, and she woke up and went back to sleep and then "dreamed it again, word for word." About how she got the idea for her younger sister Brenda's professional name, Crystal Gayle. The two of them were out drinking, happened to pass a Krystal hamburger stand, and "I said, 'That's gonna be your name.' Well she laughed and carried on and yelled—she's as crazy as she can be—and said that just won't happen." This year Crystal's songs are up there with Loretta's on the charts.

About fans. "My fans cut all my hair. Signing autographs, was come up with pocketknives. But whoever cut my hair in the back must've used a scissors. Got nine or ten inches. God, my hair was great! I told Brenda, start watching your (Continued on page 154)

*Dolly Parton in Ernest Tubb's record shop, Nashville*





# Home Economics for Guys

There are certain tasks so basic that some guys never got around to learning them. And in the wake of women's liberation, it isn't likely anyone else is going to volunteer to do them. It's time, then, for the American male to take a cram course in elemental skills.

## How To Iron a Shirt

Give your wash an extra rinse cycle. (Soap left in fabric is the major cause of starch marks.) Refrigerate dampened shirt overnight in a plastic bag. Use a regular iron, not steam. A table padded with a blanket and covered with a sheet is better than a board. 1. Begin with the back, then do the sleeves. Use open starch for easy gliding. 2. Starch collar and cuffs first as you iron. Wring side first, then right side. 3. Slide iron around, not over, buttons. Carefully press placket flat. Finish the front with a burst of starch, moving from the collar down.



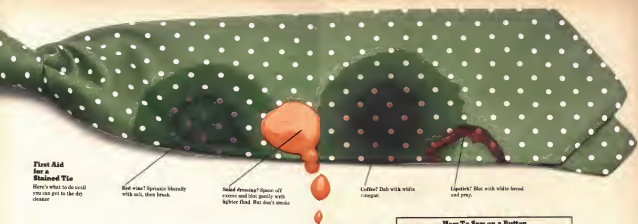
## What To Do with a Wet Shoe

1. Take it off.
2. Empty contents.
3. Stuff with wadded sheets of crumpled newspaper. (Don't use tissue or toilet paper; they shred.) Change paper every three hours.
4. Place in an open, dry area. Do

not force dry. Keep off sunlight. Heat will shrink and crack leather.

5. When the shoe is dry, wear it around the house. The shape will conform to your foot and may absorb some of your body oils. A thinner sole it can't hurt.





### First Aid for a Stained Tie

Here's what to do until you can get to the dry cleaner

Red wine? Sprinkle liberally with salt, then brush.

Sauce dressing? Spoon off excess and blot gently with lighter fluid. But don't smoke.

Coffee? Rub with white vinegar.

Lipstick? Rub with white bread and prep.

### The Pocket Square: How To Stuff It

Tip up: 1. Point finger up. Place center of pocket square over finger. 2. Grasp point and flip the square over, pulling it through your other hand. 3. Fold the lower third up toward the top and stuff.



**Puff up:**  
1. Imagine holding a baseball with your fingertips.  
2. Spread the pocket square over that hand. 3. Push finger of other hand down toward palm and flip the square, sliding it through your fingers. 4. Fold up lower third. Stuff and fluff.

### How To Sew on a Button

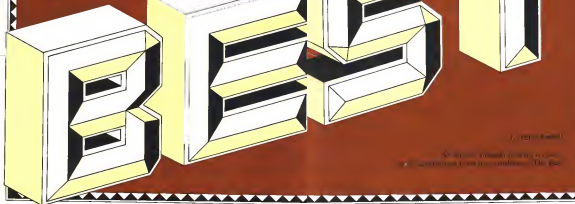


**Shirt button:**  
1. Move needle toward thread, not vice versa. Pull ends of thread even and knot. 2. Begin under fabric, stabbing up and through. Cross in diagonal hole and down. Twist through in each direction as enough. 3. Pull button away from fabric, wind thread around twice to create a shank. Sew through once to finish.



**Jacket button:**  
1. Use silk thread and a large-eyed embroidery needle. Move needle toward thread. 2. With a single, unknotted thread, make two anchoring stitches through the fabric. Sew four times through each parallel pair of holes. 3. Pull button up and wind the end around three times for a sturdy shank. To finish, sew through once at base of shank.

# SECOND



## The Best Roller Coaster

Much controversy here, based on misunderstanding about what makes roller coasters—uh—roller coasters. The Guinness Book of World Records lists the 110-foot-high Racer in Chapultepec Park, Mexico City, as the world's highest. Guinness won't even hazard a guess as the fastest, though we would accept the unsolicited claim of Six Flags Over Mid-America

park near St. Louis for its new *Sixty-Seconds* (p. 26) over Eagle.

Actually it takes more than height and speed to make a good ride. Suspense and fear are the crucial ingredients, the former an underrated virtue. Suspense is typically achieved by increasing the time it takes to reach the first summit, the train slowly inching forward, cogs grinding continuously. But suspense also depends on subtle design points—hiding the drop from view until the last split second; shielding waiting patrons from a good look at the track layout, yet per-

mitting glimpses to stir back from *Planet Fear*. Speed doesn't make a roller coaster frightening; acceleration does: free-fall drops, absolute weightlessness at the peaks, gut-wrenching turns with no chance for anticipation. Disorientation helps, too. That's why the second ride is never as good as the first.

Many experts swear by Coney Island's old-timer the Cyclone. This is because too many experts grew up in New York, not benefiting from the consciousness-expanding experience of The Rite Streak of Cedar Point Amusement Land (Sandusky, Ohio, 55½ miles

west of Cleveland) or the Cyclone—no relative—Lake-side Amusement Park, Denver. A newer and absolutely first-rate example of the classic roller coaster is The Great American Scream Machine at Six Flags Over Georgia park in Atlanta.

Three attempts to improve on the classic (with mixed success) should also be noted. The first two, Kings Island (Cincinnati) and Kings Dominion (Richmond), sport identical Racers—long fast rides with twin tracks. The gimmick: two trains leave the gate simultaneously, take separate routes, then race to the

Peter Farnell's *The Best* series will be published soon by Farnar, Straus & Giroux.

feish, slick and exhilarating, but not frightening. An older Racer stiffing the same idea can be found at Kenwood, near Pittsburgh.

The world's most expensive roller coaster, Walt Disney World's \$17,000,000 Space Mountain, is another animal altogether. Space Mountain is completely enclosed in a twenty-story blacked-out dome. The combination of high-g turns and no possible visual fix makes for one of the most terrifying rides east of the Santa Monica Freeway.

For sheer thrills, though, nobody can beat the Thunderbolt at the aforementioned Kanyowow in Pittsburgh. One of the four (yes, four!) big-league coasters at Kanyowow, Thunderbolt is built into the side of a cliff overlooking the Monongahela River three hundred feet below. Its two major drops go directly over the cliff, with rescues from instant death a sure thing. Fear is eased by some incredibly brutal turns. And just when you are sure the worst is over, the Thunderbolt takes one last suicidal plunge before heading back home.

### Best German Restaurant in Milwaukee

Visiting firepersons are always trundled off to Mader's for the Dunkelbier. Some partisans make a fuss about the German peanuts at Pandl's in suburban Whitefish Bay. But locals who know the difference between Kaiser Rippchen and Königsberger Klopse prefer the stuff at Karl Ratsch's.

[illegible]

The traditional accompaniment to one of the *Fantasie* is beer (and later on, Mezzero). But don't pass by the chance to order from one of the most extensive and reasonably priced wine lists anywhere: Katzman's selection of German wines—about one hundred thirty-five titles as of this time, many in half bottles—represents some of the best value in the city. The new Marchesauro Amadeo or a 1982 Diehlweiser Trösch-Reichmann are in any other restaurant or, for that matter, in any private cellar this side of the Rhine. The real shock is the awesome depth of French and American wines, \$600 at below wine-store prices. Hundreds of classified growth Bordeaux and grand cru Burgundies; rare Cabernet Sauvignons from Napa Valley; 1971 Aghazian Mezzero and S.V. Sonoma California Chardonnays.

## The Best Reason Not To Go to College

There are lots of good reasons to put on your fear

years behind the try—football weekends, late movies, socialization, draft beer, squash. Even book learning, which many believe sharpens the mind and soothes the spirit. But forget all that nonsense about making money. College is a dubious investment today, and there's every reason to believe it's getting worse.

Consider the numbers. Suppose you enter Vanderbilt in 1977. Tuition, room and board will run over \$5,000 a year to start, probably more like \$7,500 by senior year. Add at another \$1,500 for books, cheeseburgers, Levi's, movies and plane tickets, making a four-year total of \$90,000. Next add the income you could have made during those years working without a sheepskin: conservatively figure \$24,000 after taxes and net of room and board living at home, well below average factory earnings. For good measure, throw in the interest you could have kept on that \$24,000—(\$24,000 × .038,600) by smacking it away in blue chips or utility bonds—say \$23,000 after taxes—which yields a grand total of \$7,000.

That \$575,000 in nest eggs, the alternative to a four-year exposure in Nashville, represents the real cost of a first-class education. That \$575,000 equals about \$5,000 a year in safe investments, a \$6000 gap for a four-college grad to make up without future expensive training. In fact, if our experienced blue-collar worker keeps banking his or her nest-egg income, the college grad may never catch up. At current returns, the \$575,000 should double about every fourteen years. When our working shift reaches thirty-five, the nest egg will have grown to \$1254,000; by age forty-six it will have reached \$2253,000. So the blue-collar worker, simply by letting the hypothetical college nest egg pile back the proceeds, will have a pre-tax investment of about \$28,000 a year by late middle age. If you don't like these numbers, perhaps you'll take the word of an expert: Harvard economist Richard Freeman has calculated that the rate of return on a four-year college education fell by almost thirty percent from 1965 to 1975.

Of course, things could go wrong, leaving our high-school grad away by the ditch's got to college. Interest rates might fall; inflation might explode; proboscis unemployment might wipe out savings. But the future for college grads is equally uncertain. The wages of high-school graduates have risen sharply relative to college graduates in the last six or seven years, and there's no reason to believe the trend won't continue. Once upon a time white-collar workers were almost immune to unemployment, but times are clearly different. Shuffling papers, it seems, is no longer a sure route to lead.

How could untold thousands of high-school graduates consider it so wrong? Like many other things, it's a matter of supply and demand. First, most people have to go to college and more parents can afford to send them. In 1958, twenty percent of all kids bornages entered colleges; by 1978, the number was forty-five percent, and the flood of graduates naturally tended to lower starting salaries. Also, blacks and women reached their were equally qualified to hold down easier, higher-prestige positions, and Congress agreed with job discrimination slowly shifting, the pool of would-be white-collar workers shrank. (Continued on page 12)



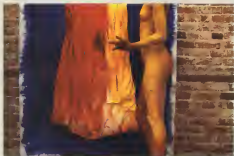


# Red Dress, Yellow Dress

A story by Kathryn Ungerer

The heroine appeared in the first of her three aspects on a hot sunny day. The photographs provide adequate documentation: snapped in quick succession, as if to record the progress of some natural disaster in all its detail, they show Paula tearing a toy steam shovel some inches above Richard's head and then bringing it down in stages of descent, her T-shirt tugging out from her condensing shorts. Her smile is blarney but unmistakable: the same smile she produced for me

Kathryn Ungerer appeared in our January issue with her first composition in fiction, *La Marquesa in Solitary*.



years ago in the White Hotel as she inhaled up her menstrual bloom and chronicled my impending downfall, ruin that would follow her disclosure of the afternoon's events to her father, a man of means.

But I am getting ahead of myself. I return to Richard, whose participation in this history is momentary but illuminating. We see him in the final snapshot, staring out at us with the astonished eyes of the accomplished victim, a role he continued into manhood, twindying before the Wainwright committee for complexities too minor to explore the national

imagination. I have since lost track of him and everything else—except Paula, of course. Once I asked Paula whether she knew the identity of the photographer; I could not believe any parent capable of such cold zeal, clicking away through the moments of impact.

"My mother," she replied, holding up to the light the clear plastic bag in which, *daily*, my body's properties present themselves for her assessment and disposal.

Which brings us to Paula in her second guise. It is first-period English class: the sundress drapes across the desks I have arranged in a circle to encourage free-

during discussion. It appears that their bones have been magically excised at some moment previous to their arrival in the room. But I have never been so excited: I read from the *Pravda* in The Canterbury Tales. The Middle English words take wing, some emerging through the open window, others down outside on the graveliness of long-pose Quakers.

Paula is staring through one of those windows, lost in contemplation of the man whose indifferent manipulation of a lever mover threatens to drown me out. I raise my robes. I believe myself possessed of incantatory powers. Does the color in her cheeks brighten? No, she has lifted her head from where it has been resting on her fat: it is the red her knuckle marks.

I burst, I produce magnificently with my one free arm. This is the moment the Ritzing boy chooses to have one of his seizures. His head flips back, he pounds with his feet on the floor. From his mouth issues the dark language of chaos, all that filled time and space prior to God's intervention. His eyes are pure white.

The class sits motionless while I waver between fascination and terror. Paula is at his side. He jerks in her arms like something just pulled forth from the sea. "Get the nurse!" she demands. She brushes the long hair back from his face. She comes to him. I am immobilized with jealousy. "For Christ's sake, Beecher?" she yells. "He's going to swallow his goddamn tongue!"

Paula is all over him. She is in his lap, prying open his jaws. "Quiet, baby," she purrs. "Easy now, Danny. That's right." And then her white arms disappear down his throat.

When I arrive with the nurse, Paula is crouching like a listening pit viper, stooping at "Little one." I hear her whisper. The tongue's heart beats, pinched between her thumbs. Thus is the appalling strength of motherhood, from which Paula will never recover.

No more shall I, presumably, I add to the list that I recite every day at feeding time to test my memory and Paula's patience.

In the Walter Hotel the shades are drawn and Paula lies on the bed with her back to me, peering at the wallpaper. It is getting late. I imagine my wife sitting down on the table, trying to explain the meaning of "usual" as the most recent member in a never-ending procession of foreign-exchange students: a German girl named Hildegard with the bright, impenetrable face of a pit pony.

"You know, Jerry," Paula says, "when I was a little kid we stayed once at a place in Ocean City that had this same wallpaper in all the bedrooms. That summer," she turns to face me, radiating the waxy light of what I recognize as her third and final aspect, for which I love her and in which I love, "I knew I was going to die. I hated the beach that summer. I hated all the beach umbrellas." She squints. Without her glasses Paula can hardly see me. "I spent that summer in my bedrooms. It drove my mother crazy. She even bought some nail polish and taught me the complete measure tumbler. During that way she'd be able to coax me out into the sun to let the stuff harden."

I kiss Paula's fingernails, lingering over the bruised left thumb.

"I was into reading comic books," she continues, ignoring my seductions. "Horror comics."

I would comment on the irony implicit in that statement were I not aware of Paula's impatience with all literary allusion.

"There was this one about pterodactyls. How a teen reeled a stone away from the mouth of a cave and out came hundreds of these creatures. I don't know why, but for some reason I remember that the drawings in that particular book were very beautiful, very detailed. Anyway," she is shivering. I take her in my arms.

"Anyway, the pterodactyls flew out into the world looking for children. They would grab children up with their long sharp claws and bring them back to the cave, where they'd drop them into this underground pool."

"Poor baby," I say, running my tongue along her shoulder blade, sinking my face into the hollow at the base of her neck.

"Oh, Beecher, you're such a fool," she says. "It didn't have anything to do with innocence. The pterodactyls were infanticide. And the kids—they weren't innocent. I know that, you see, because that was what for the first time I knew that I wasn't innocent. That I'd just been indulging my parents. Like with you." Something swirls up in the surface of her face and fills me with foreboding.

"But they believed you, didn't they?" I ask.

"Sure," she says. "Sure, I know. And I found proof. I'd crawl under the bed, to hide. There were voices outside the house and when the wind hit them it sounded just like wings flapping. So I spent a lot of time under that bed. And you know what I found there?"

"Beeches?" I try, but she will have no part of it. I am scolding myself that is the girl who, when asked with whom she would want to spend the rest of her life on a desert island, answered Ingram Bergman.

"I found these little stuffed charms, made out of some yellowish leather. One of them was shaped like a heart. They were all pinned together in the bottom of the mattress along with a strip of fabric that said *Mary Mary, pray for us sinners now and at the hour of our death.*"

Paula explains: the lines in my face deepen. They are smiles and she shudders all hope for my intelligence. She initiates the clicking of my teeth. I tell her "Honey" in all sincerity, a name previously not used for moments of sarcasm, as when she pretended ignorance of Paula's symbolism in a *Nemeses* poem.

But that is all behind us now. She pushes my chair along the boardwalk. It is October and the shops are closed. Even so, she takes care to position me facing a long dark window. We stare at together. What do I see there, my head suspended loosely from the dead look of my eyes? The patchy morning mists wash in vane from the world, our single viscous packed with beautiful goods?

"Can't you do better than that?" I ask. Once again Paula has succeeded in depressing me. We sit together in the Dairy Maid beneath an elaborate wall relief. (Continued on page 120)



"Your decongestants or your life?"



# Chopped Liver for Gentiles

by Gordon Lish

*Eat, eat! Children are starving in Grosse Pointe*

Some people are not going to like this, some people being Tante Dora, Tante Ida, Tante Esther, Tante Lily and all the other aunts out there who populate the geography of your nostalgia because your mother couldn't cook. Not, anyhow, like any tante you could name. My mother could sew, though—crochet and knit and all the rest—and that was chiefly how she kept her head above water when it came to the mercenary tale of family feuding that rose regularly against her because she was the prettiest and wouldn't eat the cooking of one of the tantes featured above on a bell.

Not I did.

Well, when I was a kid I was absolutely shameless,

about as loyal as a shoelace. But I can't really hate myself for giving in to what these tantes could dish out. I'm telling you, these four tantes could do in a kitchen what Nifne Nelson could do in a comic book.

I'm talking about work magic, pot lute a pet stuff that came out of your ordinary brown paper bag and took out of a pit—skasun!—the twentieth century's first transatlantics.

Noses operated pretty good in those days—second cousins showing up from as far away as the attic to trouble infants who could only creep to the fragrances that drew all household creatures slavering to the kitchen. I was the skinniest and therefore the feeblest and of course had a lot to make up for, considering the blasphemy my mother openly practiced. I fed my face to beef up an instinctively phobious, if trachea-ous, spirit.

*Gordon Lish is a good son. He is also the editor of Esquire's new anthology of stories, All Our Secrets Are the Same, published by Norton in January.*

Photographed by Frank Owens

ESQUIRE MARCH 81

I was a bum at heart because I had a bum's stomach. I ate for my old age.

I ate Dave's pet roast. Father's leg of lamb, Lily's butter chicken and anything else—Captain Marvel in a lumpy quilted robe—got a fearless flame to.

They all cooked with heat, those aunts, made mistakes that could bring a screaming locomotive to a screeching halt and a key to his knees with writhing glutters, while his pretty mother, her flying fingers torn and bleeding with the labors of her needle, was abandoned to her dark and unbending policy in which even her father's arm perior she happened to suffer nothing.

The twelve came across with the side. I came across with the mother—and to this day my mother has never forgiven me.

It was only on one score that I remained my mother's son, a purty to her exultation.

Chopped liver.

All four tantes made, but this kid was having none of it.

Rosky records them as a perfect quartet in this particular regard, the four greatest chopped liver makers ever related by marriage. But history's option never cut any ice with me. As far as I was and am concerned, history arrived at a ruling that stank to high heaven because that's what the liver did.

To begin with, it was liver—and I never got past a beginning. One whiff of that Jewish mash reassigned me to the sun parlor with arm outflung to maintain my honorary post as my mother's favorite yarm holder. With my arms out there and tired, I'd be hunkered down at her knee, eyes brimming with promises of restored allegiance.

Don't think these lessons were lost on me.

I'm a big fellow now, with four prospective traitors of my own. Betrayal is a terrible thing—but a kid who blames you for a chopped-liverless youth in worlds worse than all human imagination will ever account.

So I make for mine—and I make a chopped liver that not only hands to me property spanning the delivery that can flourish between the risky ages of five and nineteen but which has won me hushion converts from parishes the tantes believed a bad job from start to finish, prevents as irreversibly in perdition's dominion that citizens there asked on carpet racks and all the mothers were pretty.

So is a bit of giving. I'm doing so the world can get together and nobody will be sit alone in a sun parlor. When it comes to an international language, it is my opinion music gets no further than Gads—but my chopped liver they'll be talking in Tokyo.

Go get your seasons. Here goes.

Take chicken livers. Take as many as you want—because I never consider proportion. Exposure measure, the nephew crows, with eyes closed tight to better illuminate the inner vision. So take chicken livers. Blime it cold water. Put chicken fat in skillet. Salt it. Get good and hot and add liver. Stir twelve minutes with cover on. Set drained liver aside, scarf cut shallot, ladle in burnt grease (you heard me!), again get good and hot, then lay in your sliced onions. At instant they threaten to brown, remove onions and drain. Hard-boil yourself some eggs in telet number, use one and a half

as many eggs as you used livers. Bittle with the onions. (Don't talk to me about stink: I can't think at this point.) Now what you have is your standard liver and your translucent onions and your hard-boiled eggs. All this goes into your wooden shopping bowl that is supposed to be roomy enough to let you really go to town without later having to hose down everything in sight. All set? Now here's where you separate the nephews from the tantes. In great heat, a couple of good splashes; it goes more chicken fat, nothing stinky; the same with butter. Follow with dry mustard, garlic powder, pepper, salt, olive, a notable dash of cinnamon (you heard me again, how?), a shy spritz of Worcestershire, a little ground dried red, and you're in business—start shopping. But you've got shopping up a bowl of gold unless you want heavy on the ingredients. I didn't tell you to go high like that. That means I'm looking for an expensive nature when you reach for the mustard and the garlic and the olive—and pepper being one of life's large problems every nephew must solve for himself.

Such language—footy, footy, footy. Did he say leery? exasperated? Who can figure sense when a nephew talks like that? Where are grams? Where are aunts? Where are teaspoons?

Did the nephew never hear enough? Listen, you are me. You are amounts. It would be obscene to discuss further. What is this? Do I draw pictures?

If you watched with your heart, you saw—and therefore noticed it's all, every pinch of it, in residence in the right elbow—in the left if you are other-handed. Pay attention—I'm giving you a trait worth having: amounts are in the elbow, dashes and gallons all there in the elbow's unassailable intelligence.

Finesse. I've already said too much. One more word and it'll be a picture.

All right, so you just keep on at it until you've chopped your little heart out, making as you go.

All this chopping said that evening you don't do with just any chopper, friend. You don't do it with my chopper, either, because mine is a valued thing—a little number I snatched from an evil-smelling kitchen drawer when one of the tantes was blind from solo spray. My chopper America made when it cared a thing or two about doing a job right—but maybe if you're nephew enough, you will find your own is an old-chance chopper or an old person's drawer. It's anyway what you call a rocker-chopper, double-bladed and with a handle that goes parallel to the blades, which positioning is critical, because like so you can really get some arm behind your work.

That's some of the hot news; the trick I guess is going to be to turn up a chopper that's worthy of that hard-wood name. Now here's the rest. If you can't get one, you stand to accompany this episode from God. It's understood—but I will also know they'll never cover you in when they number up the chops. Yet the hideous truth is, not even in New York does the cure eye get around much anymore.

You can see how that would happen the way the tastes are disappearing too.

Meanwhile, it's up to an nephew to carry on as best we can—if only to vindicate all the peppy mothers who never had a chance. ☺

# The Way We Weren't

by Sara Davidson

*Hippies! Hopes! Hoopla!*  
And then there were the same old hang-ups

Sara Davidson and Susie Beeman were sorority sisters at Berkeley; Sara spent the Sixties as a journalist, Susie as the wife of a political activist on the Berkeley left. Free speech. Free sex. Free Hae. This was the dawn of the age....

And this is how it really was.

On this and the following four pages: the way lives looked in the Sixties, according to photographers of the time





# SIDEBE

In the fall of '68, the new culture was in flower by the San Francisco Bay. "Have a rilly good day," Aahle bella, righteous weed, Free Hazy! Shambala, howva rose and bare feet singing Power to the People!

Hundreds and hundreds were living the new life.

Every house was a commune, every longhair was a hermit. You never had to deal with the straight world as all because friends had set up alternatives: Eastwaste Repair; Movement Motors; Radical Theater; Wise and the People; free schools; free clinics.

Life was free and so was sex. Minusmummers sex,

Sara Davidson's *Love's Change*, from which this concept is taken, will be published in May by Doubleday.

the ripe scent percolated in the air. All over Berkeley, strangers would lock eyes and flash. Everyone was turned on. All the couples Steale and Jeff Dorman knew had been married three or four years, the women had had babies but were still young and sexy that the sexual revolution might pass them by. The men, most of them, had been going out on their old ladies for years. They were itching for their wives to screw around a little now because it would take them off the hook.

Steale started asking guys to sleep with her right out. When she did this with Jack Fried, he refused, he wouldn't feel right, he loved Jeff. "But our marriage is fucked up," Steale protested.

Jack was glib, but there were hundreds of fish

out there in the new culture.

One day she got a baby-sitter so she could go to a rally where Jeff was speaking. People went to rallies those days to get stoned, put down the speakers—bad politics, wrong line—dig the chicks, go for coffee, score and deal. A lucky boy with violet eyes offered Steale a doughnut. She thought he was beautiful. They started wandering up the avenue. He took her arm.

"You have an old man?" he asked.

"Why?"

"I'd really like to ball you."

"Where?"

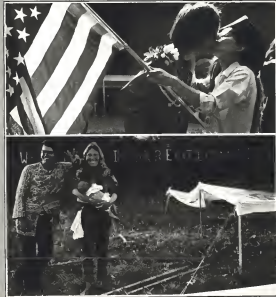
So it went.

Jalisco was bourgeois. We shouldn't have to censor our sexual desires. We shouldn't censor anything. If it

feels right, do it. But while the men could ball for lust and not get attached, the women kept falling in love. What a mess.

A group of people Jeff knew from San Francisco Steale were talking about living together to smash monogamy. If they lived together, the women could have separate rooms and the men could rot in bed. What about the kids? What about money? Maybe they should open up their heads a little first. Get together once a week and have encounter sessions.

Jeff had a line against therapy groups: they encouraged people to adjust to a sick society instead of questioning the society itself. He said therapy was self-invention, but if it was happening, shit, he and Steale had better check it out.



So they went to meetings every Monday night. There was no professional leader because the group wouldn't put anybody above them. And the group had to be open, as new people came and went. They all brought their babies—Saula and Jeff brought Sam, who was a year old—and put them to sleep in the same room. A few members who had been to Reiter and Ryanson tended to run things because they knew the tricks:

"Share a secret with us you've never told a soul."  
"Go around the room and tell each person what you think of him."

"Pick a partner, close your eyes and explore the person's body." Saula loved this. Her first partner was her friend Roseanne. Saula had never touched another woman's body and it was astounding to break that inhibition, to run her hands over Roseanne's enormous breasts and feel her nipples and have it all right.

A few days later, Maureen, one of Saula's friends in Berkeley, dropped by with her new baby. She told Saula some of the women in the Movement were getting together to talk about women's oppression. Women's what? Saula laughed. She wasn't oppressed—her husband did the dishes and let her sleep with other men. Maureen started talking about how men had power and women didn't. Women were like blacks. Women were treated as inferiors and kept in subservient positions to men.

Saula still didn't get it.  
"Look at you," Maureen said. "You've got a master's degree, but what can you do with it? Become a secretary? Or else stay home and be a maid!"  
Saula went to the meeting of women with apprehension. They didn't like her; they thought she was a snob; they were jealous because she was Jeff's wife and she was pretty.

She remembers walking into Maureen's living room and seeing all these women sitting on the floor with their legs spread carelessly. She had not been in a room of women alone when the severity at Berkeley? They wanted to go around and let each person say what she thought about other women.

The first girl said, "I don't like 'em."  
The next said, "There's nothing worse to me than going to a party and getting stuck with the women."

"Right!"  
"I hate to say it, but I've always felt superior to other women. I think they're dumb."

They began to laugh and look at one another. There were girls in the room Saula had seen a hundred times. A lot of these she had written off as jerks, but now, as she listened to them, she understood what they were saying; she could make a connection with each of them and she felt such love.

When they met the next week, more women showed up. The group doubled, split in half and doubled again. Something far-out was happening, but they didn't know what. They weren't calling it "women's liberation" yet. They didn't have words like "sexualconsciousness raising." They tried to draw up a reading list but could only come up with a dozen books, as they started collecting their own data. They would go around the room and let each sister tell her story. The talk was so personal, revealing, shocking, and yet there was a safe-

ness. No fighting for the microphone. No shouting down a sister for having the wrong line. No matter what the issue was, they would take the woman's side.

Saula felt as if the life in her were being turned on. Bottom line, the women's thing was all she could talk about. Jeff said she sounded like Chicken Little. He and his friends grumbled that the women's group was counterrevolutionary. It was a conspiracy of dykes who were evil sin. Stokely Carmichael was right: the proper position of women in the revolution was on their backs.

Jeff came home one day laughing and waving a copy of an underground paper: "Our line on the women's trip—LET THEM SAY COCK." That did it. Saula ripped the paper from his hand. "All these years you've been shouting about the blacks and the poor, you're been fucking me even. You treat me like a doll, like I can't think for myself..."

"What's the matter," Jeff said, "can't you take a fucking joke?" But he was starting to sound defensive. "For the first time," Saula says, "he couldn't tell me I was wrong or that I didn't understand. He couldn't quote Marx. He couldn't screw me down with rhetoric. In fact I had Marx and Engels on my side!"

At her women's group, they talked about their problems in the Movement and they talked about sex. Sex, the very word made Saula sweat and turn red. "I'd never heard people talk about this stuff. I didn't even know women masturbated." The group read Masters and Johnson—that was a mind-blower—so she proof that all orgasms are centered in the clitoris and that the vaginal orgasm, that holier than holy experience, was a myth!

Saula had to ask where the clitoris was. Jeff had never touched her there because Freud and his father had informed him that sisters women have vaginal orgasms. Jeff wouldn't read the Masters and Johnson report. "It's men in the laboratory with plastic penises. It's a halfhearted mechanistic capitalist trip, as whatever they come up with is false," he said.

Saula couldn't read it for other reasons. When anyone in her group mentioned "orgasms," she says, "I'd feel a stab of fear go through me and I'd get all flushed, like when you're caught lying. I'd been lying for five years. Could the women see through me?" She couldn't unburden herself to the group because she couldn't expose Jeff. It would put all their bones.

#### SARA

Michael and I were living at this time on West Twenty-third Street in a four-room apartment he had occupied for ten years. The neighborhood was a slum, but he had stayed because it was rent-controlled and more importantly because he loved repetition. "I've been here ten years, I'm known in the neighborhood." He had charge accounts at the butcher's and grocer's and credit card checks at all hours. He was used to cooking and taking care of the place, but the day after our wedding, although we never discussed it, he stopped all chores and left them to me.

We'd been married six months. I was working as New York correspondent for The Boston Globe and Michael was an FM disc jockey. He talked about the news on his shows and I flew around the country par-

using it. I kept a carry-on bag ready to go on short notice: down to Memphis after Martin Luther King was assassinated and up to Cornell after blacks carrying rifles nearly closed the school. Whenever I was gone, even for a day, Michael would call me on the phone, have me paged at hotels and meet me at the airport. We discussed what I'd seen, what he thought and what it meant. As I expected, he would pour himself a Scotch, put on a Frank Sinatra album and announce out our window to the street, "My wife is back!"

When I was in New York, he would call me each day and tell me what he wanted for dinner. When he came home, he fixed himself a Scotch and retired to the bedroom, which I called the green room because it was dark green and closed and he never opened the

blinds. The green room contained our king-size bed, Michael's desk, a stove, a television, a telephone and a wall that was covered from the floor to the ceiling with shelves of records. Michael liked to drink and wouldn't drink after dinner, so we ate late, at ten-thirty or eleven. While I cooked, he stayed in the green room reading, watching television or talking on the phone.

After eating, he went straight from the table to sleep. I cleaned up, went to the bathroom, "I hate the fucking dishes; I hate the way Michael chews with his mouth open. What's wrong with you, Sara, why are you such a bitch?"

Michael went to sleep early and I stayed up late. By the time I awoke he had snored. (Continued on page 122)





Spiders, snakes, toads,  
alligators,  
mosquitoes, briers,  
quicksand and swamps.  
Now that's  
*really* getting away  
from it all.

## **Island Fever**

by Fred Ponder

*One man's separate peace*



It was what we diurnal creatures call the middle of the night. Three or three-thirty, maybe—that time that is neither night nor morning, when we assume the most basic realities are man, woman and from nearby, closest to the regularity of insanity, most involved with car, devil, or angel, or both. I smoke, not slowly and full of stretches and yawns as on a normal morning, when sometimes the process of relaxing can go on for twenty minutes, but suddenly. It was, I assumed, the moonlight that had awakened me. Tonight was the sight of the full moon.

Although I had not been at this place long—just a few days, in fact—I did not have that sensation that often comes when you are away from home, desolate, some motel, and you wake and wonder *consciously* where you are. I knew this time precisely where I was; I knew almost to the map coordinates I was on an island, and when you are on an island, of conditions are right, there is a special sense that tells you where you are.

I put my glasses on and brought the orange roof of the nylon tent into focus. I uncoiled the mosquito netting and reviewed old, stopping halfway to put on a blue work shirt and my lightweight *macramé*.

The moonlight was everywhere, pale blue and soft as if the light from a single candle had been captured and spread evenly over the whole countryside. Several hours earlier, not long after sunset, I had walked down to the beach to watch the moon rise from the ocean, big and fat and not quite round, a far more natural and beautiful orange than my tent roof.

The only human noises were those I made as I walked across the sand toward the beach. I waited where I was going because of the rattlesnakes. The closest people were about seven miles away in a few old missions, a good hike by sand trail across two canyons where the shingles lived and down long dark boardwalks of pine and live oak and cypress palms. But it was by no means quiet here. The tree frogs—there must have been a million of them within my hearing—issued a waterfall of sound that started on just the other side of my tent where the vegetation began its march toward the salt pond.

There was the sound of the surf—a medium surf, neither angry nor docile, just a steady, pleasant rumbling. And the sound of the wind, the waves, coming up from the south, although it was neither hot nor humid this night, a good wind for loneliness and middle-of-the-night beach walking. And then the sound of another mammal—a patient, deliberate grunting.

I looked around until I saw her, my good friend by now, a dark form in the moonlight, rooting in the sand for something. More than likely it was about crabs she was after, or maybe, because it was the full moon in May, there was something in her brain that reminded her that the first sea turtles would be coming ashore to lay their eggs on the beach. She was unafraid and yet aware of me, so that after a certain proximity had been achieved—maybe ten yards—if I took one more step toward her, she would swim but deliberately

move an equivalent distance farther away. She was a feral hog, and I had made my camp on part of her feeding territory. I saw her almost every day, and now I was seeing her for the first time in the middle of the night. Every time I saw her she was foraging for food. Feral means wild, and wild also means you're on your own for food and water, for survival.

No days off. No coffee breaks. No pension programs. No dinner out and the morning after voices like, even the hours in the middle of the night, was spent in trying to find enough food to stay alive. It was root, hog, or die, quite literally. But it also was a wonderful life. The hog lived on an island, quite a primitive one. Except for occasional visitors from the mainland, people generally left her alone, and if threatened she could run into the jungle where no human would dare follow. Nobody had ruined this particular island, so there was almost always plenty of food around. The climate was great. Feral means wild, and wild also means free.

The hog and I were on an island named Oahu, off Savannah, a place perfectly suited for what I like to call island fever. I had been there before, and on my first trip I had contracted the fever within minutes of stepping off the old wooden Chaco-Canoa. The way became Oahu fever is still a pure island. It is positively owned, deeply loved and protected by its owners. It is relatively isolated, and it provides great security for its inhabitants. The creatures who make Oahu their home are like a condensation of the endangered-species list.

There are, of course, plenty of other places in and around the United States and the world where you can expose yourself to the disease, and I have come down with it in various parts of the country. But you have a better chance of contracting the true fever the further south you go, the greater your descent through the warmer latitudes.

The more your island resembles one of those mythical places of the far Pacific the better. You want a place with a fine, broad, white beach and a place where the vegetation must be described as lush, where the growing goes on pretty much all year, a place of funky old mold and perpetual compost and a deep warmth that comes from the sun and the rain. It is nice if your island is warm in the winter and you can approach it from the frozen north in, say, February. Palm trees help a lot. So do live oaks, which are green year-round, and Spanish moss.

You will want mystery, and romance, and strange animal noises at night. You want to walk alone by night, and maybe to cross over, that line that separates you from nature, the supernatural, the things you do not yet understand. You want the island to take control of your life in ways the mainland never could.

What you must have, if you are to make yourself vulnerable to this delicious fever, is a place as devoid as possible of other people. So Brooklyn and Galveston, while technically on islands, are out. Any place where the difference between island and mainland has been reduced, obscured, or eliminated by bridges or causeways is probably not going to work. There must be a demarcation, a boundary, a place where a transition takes place. You should have to climb, descend, swim, maybe wait awhile for a boat to come; change your

*Fred Footbridge lives as the tip of a heavily populated island in New York and maintains his sanity by going frequently to Guadalupe.*

pain, poor pain, your breathing rate, your state of mind—to get onto an island.

I camped the first night about a mile from the main house, the pink Spanish mansion on the second Sandy West, who owns the island with her relatives, lives there. Virtually all her time is spent trying to save the island. Although Sandy was born into wealth, the cost of upkeep is eating her alive, and there is always the specter of development hanging over the place. Sandy also runs a project from the main house that involves inviting people down who are artists, poets, writers, musicians, thinkers and the like, for varying periods of time. Some of them hole up in the mansion all day and night, others the night and all day, and alligators, and some fall instantly in love with the island and forget about writing and painting and thinking. The luckiest ones manage to combine the two.

I was invited to dinner that first night at the main house, which was fortunate: when I had gotten my tent set up on the bank of a salt stream in an area called Cabbage Garden, I'd discovered that my five little Swedish stove had broken. It could not be repaired, I had no replacement part. The island was too dry for any fire, so this meant that all my eating, as I looked around the place for the next few days, would be of uncooked backpacking food. This kind of food can be pretty bad when it is cooked, but the important point here is that I didn't panic or even get depressed when I realized the stove was broken. It didn't move any difference. I knew I was on an island.

On an island you learn how to fix mechanical things, because you know that when something breaks there isn't any hardware store down the street. And you learn, more importantly, how to get along without things, because you know that there are going to be some things you can't fix.

That evening I stayed around the main house longer than I should have, enjoying the after-dinner coffee. By the time I was a quarter of the way back to my tent it was pitch-dark. And it was, I shall have to admit, scary. The island is primitive, and it is dangerous. Guadalupe must be complete jungle except for the rocky areas—the forest pays and leaves—that keep the undergrowth down, but in terms of its almost dangers to humans, it is jungle. There are alligators and all sorts of snakes, including most of the poisonous varieties, and the bears, along with animals less feared by humans. Whales and porpoises have been seen in the tidal streams and rivers that cut through the island.

So when you walk down the trail at night, or even in the daytime, you keep your eyes open. And your ears. On my way back to the tent that night, I heard rustling sounds to my right and left. I could only assume that giant rattlers were slithering off the trail as I approached; it would be only a matter of time before I surprised one and met my end. Then I discovered that the darkness had brought out thousands of frogs, many of which were sitting in the path, and that as I approached, each of them gave a hop to the relative safety of the side, making a blip, but to me, terrifying, noise.

After twenty minutes of this, I came to my clearing, stopped the setting of my tent, and shared the flash-

light around. Everything was fine. There were no surprises inside. I crawled in. I was naked with sweat and it had not been all that hot.

The sun was cool and the color of a ripe Georgia peach as it emerged from the sea. And then it was suddenly higher and smaller and better, ready for business for another day. Before it had risen, there had been an eastern sky full of clouds of miscellaneous shapes and sizes and densities, but as the sun asserted its superiority those clouds rearranged themselves and they became clarified. The day had been set. I finished folding the tent into a small parcel and put it into my backpack, took one more look around to make sure I had not left anything, and started down the trail. Right above me a dark bird with an enormous wingspan made circles in the sky. It reminded me of a albatross I had made as a boy. I could not tell if it was a hawk or an eagle or a vulture or a buzzard.

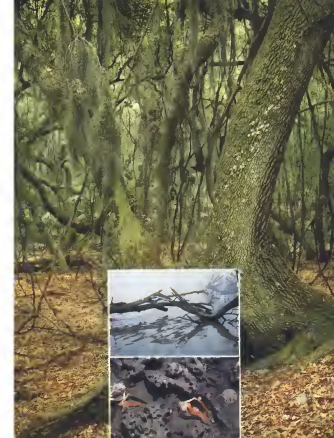
On the surface—and particularly on a warm day such as this one—there was every indication of a so-called Southern coastline that covered the island like a fog and made it sleepy. But this was just on the surface. If you looked a little closer, you saw that the island was throbbing with energy; energy without end; energy that could not stop because all of it was being directed at staying alive. Eating. Roosting. Finding food. Surviving. There was plenty of screaming, but that was for survival, too; not for fun. The sound of earth that curled out of the sea was like a giant heart, pumping life everywhere.

I looked my knees into a patchy stop when I saw the familiar shape in the middle of the road. It was my third snake of the morning, but I had seen the others from comfortable distances. This one was a brown spot set of curves, pointing at me. Quickly I checked the important factors: no rattles, not a copperhead, and the head did not have the characteristic shape of the pit viper. Then I was able to look closer and with more leisure and I saw that the snake was dead, that its corpse was covered with dozens of tiny head crabs. They were methodically, efficiently, stripping the rest of its meat. No fighting, no visible movement, no kicking it over everybody else, nobody ripping anybody else off, no waste, just steady, deliberate, commercial taking to stay alive. I stepped around them, not out of fear but to avoid interrupting the dinner.

Funny and wonderful things happen on an island. One of the signs of the fever is the feeling you sometimes develop when you're walking down a trail, through corridors of palm trees and live oaks, and your mind slides back and forth in time.

If you have done this before, you smile when it comes; it is a good sign. It means there must be other moments, other levels and dimensions of understanding; and that if you're really lucky you may reach the ultimate, which is finding that your life is being lived, as are the lives of so many of the island's inhabitants, according to the very basic things: the sun, the moon, the wind, and, most importantly, the tides.

But you know that this kind is not reached very often. I have never reached it; it is quite likely that I never will. Once Sandy and I and a couple of others went to a little sub-island. (Continued on page 114.)



*A Square's Quick Quiz*

## Who Is This Famous Woman?

Dawsey Beld  
Susan Blaisdy  
Rita Harrow  
Jean Strumpton  
Sally Quinn  
Carol Baker  
Teresa  
Sally Struthers  
Carolina Kennedy  
Jan Morris  
Bernadette Peters  
Marion Heston  
Aunt Lottie  
Chen on page 112





# Nasty!

by Eric Lax

*Take away like Nastase's snarls, stomps, screams and screams, and there he stands: a pussycat in shorts*

Back when Pancho Gonzalez got angry on the tennis court, people called him an eccentric in an otherwise gentlemanly game. Now, with its millions of dollars in prize money and a range way for power going on between various promoters and federations, off-court tennis is no longer remotely gentlemanly. On the court, decorum is still maintained, though there is a player who gets, well, angry. He is tennis' answer to sex and violence. He gives the finger. He swears, sticking out one or more of his languages to do it on. He drops his trousers. He picks up his opponent by the lapels and shakes them. He spits at people. He has ripped back the artificial surface of a court that he felt had too erratic a bounce. He has deliberately lost matches in which he felt too many calls had gone against him. He called Wojtek Fibak a Polish sausage. He called Hans Pohmann a Nazi.

"I'm no angel," says Ilie Nastase, who admits his mistakes.

He is, as well, one of the game's greatest players. And the combination is something a lot of people in the tennis establishment approve of. Professional tennis is big business and show business and Nastase is its bad boy and big draw.

Probably his worst performance was at Forest Hills last year. Nastase started off slowly enough against Hans Pohmann, disputing a line call. He got angrier over more calls. He swore, he spit—nothing new. But he broke new ground when Pohmann, as the third set, collapsed with leg cramps. The umpire thought Pohmann had broken his leg. He called a doctor, who examined the player. The rules of tennis are very specific about this: If a player can walk onto the court he is presumed fit to play. If he hurts himself, he has a reasonable amount of time—and a reasonable amount of time is construed by umpires to be one minute—to pull himself together. If he can't, he must forfeit the match. If anyone ministers to him and play is delayed, he is disqualified. Pohmann was not disqualified. Nastase blew up like a fire bomb.

"The match should not have been allowed to go as far as it did," says umpire and linesman Frank Hammond—who was not an official for that match. "Pohmann should have been defaulted when the doctor walked on the court. But Nastase should have been defaulted earlier for his disputes over the line call."

*Eric Lax is a contributing editor of Esquire.*

It was after that match that Nastase called Pehman a Nazi. He also had some parting shots for a television and some spectators. "Nastase used filthy, shameful language that was clearly audible to me," the net scribe wrote in his report.

The Nastase drama forced Hills yesterday. . . . The New York Times began its account of the matter. "This was extreme, but not unusual. Nastase has been defaulted by umpires five times in the past two years, and he has been suspended for three weeks. In the past three years he has been fined in excess of \$15,000, about twenty times as much as has any other player."

But the fans love him—and those who don't, love to hate him. Which is part of his draw but much of his trouble. They booed and booed at him during the Pehman match like drunks at a barfighting; even many of the players felt sorry for him. Everyone likes the way he looks, though: exquisite, exotic. He walks like a jaguar, has the eyes of a gyrfalcon, the body of Apollo. And his game is an amalgam of all that is superior in tennis. He has Manuel Santana's top-spin lob and at times a masterly usage of Rod Laver—he has a strong first serve, a good volley and two or three ground strokes to follow them up. He has, of course, all of Pancho Gonzales' chair-throwing, ball-smashing anger. He plays closer to the net and with greater effectiveness than almost any other player on the tour; his attacks from the back line are devastating. There is no player with better reflexes or greater speed. He has an enigmatic look with a radiance, a feel for the ball that cannot be learned. It is how Gervie Howe came to a hockey goal. He can break his wrist in ways that would fracture another player's, making his top spin

until the last instant. He plays against the movement of his opponent. He is simply breathtaking in watch.

A guy like this, who hides Arthur Ashe's racket at Wimbledon, who treats everybody at the table to food and drink, who tells very funny Bulgarian and Russian jokes, can't be all bad.

All the journalists who really know him like him and are amazed by him. Says David Dry, the general secretary of the International Lawn Tennis Federation, "Of course he is a very friendly and amusing," says Brian Gottfried, a frequent opponent. "When he's on the court, I don't think there's anyone who knows him, including himself." "You have to take him as you find him," says Richard Evans, a member of the board of directors of the Association of Tennis Professionals. "He's a very engaging, pleasant character who has this wild, scrawny side. That's the very thing that has made him so well known in the world; he's a beautiful different thing."

"I'd rather watch him play than anyone," says Gerald Williams of the BBC. "I love him and I hate him. He's a total contradiction."

Even Arthur Ashe, who has had to endure some of Nastase's worst behavior, says, "He is the simplest and most complex person I know. He is consistently inconsistent, capricious. Despite what he says on the court, he is not a racist; he simply says the thing he thinks will sting the most. If he feels not open, he can be malicious, but only then. He has a good heart, is a good and decent person. I'll always like the guy, no matter what he does."

November, 1976. We are sitting in the competitors and

## Nastase in Fifty Words or Less

"In dealing with him, you're wasting your time shoving papers in front of him to sign. He'll sign them because he feels pressed and then forget. But get his word that he'll be somewhere and he'll fly all night if he has to."—Richard Evans, member, Board of Directors, Association of Tennis Professionals

"If I was going to watch tennis, he'd be the fellow I'd put my money down to watch. I don't

have any trouble getting along with him."—Frank Hammond, service businessman and seagull

"So few players are so totally compelling. He couldn't be boring if he tried."—David Gray, general secretary, International Lawn Tennis Federation

"He is honest and loyal. He is far and away the most gay I've dealt with in sports."—Bill Eardley, tennis promoter

"He is an artist who unfortunately can't make a living in a studio, where twelve thousand

people would be screaming over his shoulder.

"Trying to remember his Greatest Outrage is like trying to remember Minsky's greatest hit. But he has a Minskiness that immediately overwhelms anything he does."—Bob Collins, tennis writer and broadcaster

"Well, he's a tremendously talented player. The only thing that lets him down is his temperamental. Although he seems to play better when he's having a little fun, I think he could be even greater if he learned to concentrate more."—Roy Emerson

## Nastase and the Establishment: Who Needs Whom?

For his actions in the Pehman match last year at Forest Hills, Nastase was fined \$1,000 by the Men's International Professional Tennis Council (M.I.P.T.C.), which is composed of players, the International Lawn Tennis Federation and tournament directors. The rule is that after a player is fined a total of at least \$5,000 for at least three offenses in a twelve-month period, he is automatically suspended from Grand Prix play for twenty-one days. Nastase had already been fined \$3,000 for arguing with lineamen, leaving the court and sitting in the stands during one of his matches at the American Airlines Tennis Game in Palm Springs, and \$500 after he and Jimmy Connors came on the court at Wimbledon wearing bowler hats and bow ties.

So Nastase received his limit at Forest Hills and was suspended, as the rule demanded

The tournament two weeks after Forest Hills was the Aero Pacific Southwest Tennis Championships, a Grand Prix tournament and therefore one Nastase would be ineligible for were he to be suspended. But several tennis promoters there is apparently a distinction between suspending an errant player from a tournament and suspending him from his tournament. Now, it may be just coincidental that the Aero tournament, which has Jack Kramer on its committee, "is in particularly good favor with the M.I.P.T.C." as one tennis insider says. And it may just be coincidental that five days after the suspension was announced, Nastase's lawyer, Fred Sherman, received a note from the M.I.P.T.C. saying that Nastase ought to have a hearing so that he could speak to the charges against him. Any suspension would allow that hear-

ing—well after the Aero Pacific Southwest Championships. True again, it may not be coincidental. Nastase was already entered in the tournament when he was suspended. He had been advertised as one of the players and his absence would have been bad for public receipts.

So after some more negotiations by cable, Nastase played in the tournament, just to Brian Gottfried in the semifinals and won \$5,000. His suspension began after that match, though it hardly mattered. He had not played in any Grand Prix tournaments during the following three weeks anyway. Instead his bookings included a round-robin exhibition in Caracas and the Ford Motor Company-sponsored World Invitational Tennis Classic in Hilton Head, South Carolina. In the three weeks he was suspended, Nastase won nearly \$20,000

press dining area in a corner of the Empire Pool, Wembley Park, London. In an hour Nastase will play his quarterfinal match in the Benson & Hedges Championship, the sixty-third tournament of the year for him. In the past eight days he has played in Uruguay and Hong Kong. (In the Hong Kong final, against Ken Rosewall, he served underhand in the third set because he was upset over his calls.) With him is his wife, Dorothea, French-born and gorgeous. A waitress who has served Nastase for months admiring Nastase brings over plates of chicken.

"Chicken, chicken, chicken," he mutters. "I'll lay eggs myself tomorrow." He sips his Coke. It is warm. He asks the waitress in a most British accent, "Thank, dear, can you give me some ice?" No. Do you have ice in England? The waitress goes to get some. "They serve everything like soup in this country," he says.

We discuss his behavior on the court. "I talk to him about it," Dorothea says, and he says, yes, he shouldn't do it. But then he turns around and does it again. It's the wrong.

Nastase does understand what the fuss is all about. "For sure, I'm the most difficult person on the court," he admits between bites of chicken. "But there are so many assholes around who don't get there because they don't have my reputation. But they abuse and disrupt and say things or laugh at you during changeovers. The people in the stands can't see or hear them."

And, in fact, many players do. They will admit it, as will the umpires. "There are a number of players who to me are obnoxious," says Bertin Brown, who by his count has umpired more than two hundred of Nastase's matches. "Nastase never tries to cheat a point, which is more than some I won't name, he only complains on those that are taken away. It's not as if he control a match that he's in, but it helps if you know him."

It is even possible that Nastase is the most honest of the lot. He is certainly incapable of any deception that conceals real feelings and he has no concern about obnoxiousness for their own sake. He is, for instance, unswayed by his language itself oftened spectators

in the royal box at Wimbledon because "they may not say 'oh?' in the palace, but they say it in these seats."

Nor, since he is willing to admit his errors, is Nastase charged of reminding others of theirs. "The honest never recognize that they make mistakes. In ten years no one has ever come and said, 'Nastase, I made a mistake.' If they'd do that I'd be happy. But they ignore you. If makes an error, I make mistakes; anyone does. If you were professional players, we ought to have professional manners and manners. I'd be the first to get in fifty dollars a week of my own money, or whatever it took to get them."

"I want to show people the truth, the way I am. I can't keep my emotions inside me like Ashe and [Stan] Smith. They may have shows by the time they're forty." He smiles and shows his children. "I may have too, but it will be from the feed at tournaments."

"Do you think it's easy to do those things I do and play? It's three times harder on me than on the other guy. I have more pressure than anyone I try to be good, and I'm good for two weeks, then I'm an asshole again. You should have seen me when I was seventeen. I'm a little different now. I've changed now, the way people see me like Ashe? I'm thirty-nine now. It's too late to change."

However, there is a problem. Nastase's lack of control may be good for him, but it doesn't help his game. Pehman Gonsales got better as he got madder; Nastase often gets worse. He can play well when he's relaxed in a match and a trade worked up, but seldom can he find the middle ground necessary to combine anger with concentration. His outbursts begin as exaggerations of his normal mode of play. He has a few theatrical asides and is a terrific mixer, he is always making comments to his opponent or to the lineamen or to the crowd. He generally gets laughs. His broad gestures are like Rod Laver doing opera—if the crowd is too slow for his humor, he will drag his feet between points so though they were hundred-pound weights. Then he'll cross the line; he will become an emotional underdog and once he is ignored there is nothing that anyone, including himself, can do to stop him.

"Nobody can calm him down the days he gets upset," David Gray said before. (Continued on page 120.)





# Solid-State Fun

by Timothy Ferris

*Welcome to the exploding world of computer games.  
from Poog to Space War*

**T**he computer hooked to the terminal in front of me cost a million dollars. Its brainpower, and the insatiably greater ingenuity of the programmers who had loaded up its cool electronics, were bent to the task of affording me a good time. I typed in the request for a fresh game:

Star Trek.

THANK YOU STAR TREK AT YOUR SERVICE. TO PLAY SELECT VERSION TYPE 1, TO PLAY LONG VERSION TYPE 2.

IT IS STARBATE 2000. AS CAPTAIN OF THE UNITED STATES STARSHIP ENTERPRISE, YOUR MISSION IS TO RIG THE GALAXY OF THE DEARLY KLINGON MESSAGE YOU HAVE—25—SOLAR YEARS TO COMPLETE YOUR MISSION. YOUR HANG—15—POSITION TOWARDS AT YOUR DISPOSAL. YOUR ENEMY SHIP'S CHANGE IS—FULL—. IMPULSE ENGINES ARE—FUNCTIONING—. TELEPORTERS WILL RECEIVE OPERATIONAL AFTER STARBATE—6905—. DO YOU WISH TO KNOCKOUT REPROGRAMMING HYPERDRIVE?

No.

VERY WELL, ENJOY THE GAME.

The screen filled with stars and I was off again, scribbling through an imaginary cosmos, blowing away those Klingons. The cosmos was large, the Klingons wily, my torpedoes arched the screen with fireworks as I typed in commands to attack.

Game playing will be a small but, we are given to understand, exciting chapter in the future dialogue between humans and electronics. To the big computers—whose real work resides in serious stuff like calculating stresses on bridges, reconstructing photographs from spy satellites or the surface of Mars, charging interest for BankAmericard, dressing up new recipes for Sara Lee, ordering ballets and canned peas for soldiers in the Army—games are merely a sideline. If some laughter with a Ph.D. insists on leading Star Trek, Wumpus, Taxman, Hangman, Splat, or The Game of Life into the computer's coolly memorized library for kids, there is little they can do about it. To be sure, though, the games seem to represent quite a bit more. Each night across America the humans who tend to the computers are bent over the glowing terminal screens where, for a few hours at a time, they are no longer engineers whose dreams of becoming Einstein

have gone to deli or underpaid winos with assets limited to a cramped apartment, a used BMW and a quarter-pound Ragout of Colombian Gold. For those hours, they are colonial voyagers, high-flying gamblers, hapless pilots or kings. Management generally looks the other way, knowing that without the games, the jobs—night after night with cold fluorescent light above, white linens below and only the impersonal electronic balls for company—would drive the smart people away. So each night at the big university computers: at the bank, airline and insurance-company computers; the N.A.S.A., Pentagon and magazine subscription-service computers; after business hours the human beings are huddled into sporting crazies with their big servant maids. They would go crazy otherwise.

As it is, odd transformations affect many of those who stay on. Most begin to talk cute computer lingo—"up and down." "Foggy dad!"—but this need not be serious. Some develop elaborate fantasy lives borrowed from science-fiction novels. Others take to belching and farting loudly in public, attempting, I suppose, to assert their nonelectronic nature. Some float with the tide, becoming as computers as the computers. One night recently I drove up to Stanford University's Artificial Intelligence Laboratory, a disk-shaped building perched on a hilltop outside Palo Alto. It took me ten minutes to find the after-hours entrance. When I made the mistake of mentioning this fact to my host, a chief programmer at the lab, he led me on a long walk through a labyrinth of corridors, while repeating word for word the remarkably detached direction he'd given me over the phone for reaching the lab by car. "If you'd parked in the lot I directed," he said, "you wouldn't have had any trouble." We kept talking. I assumed we were bound for the site of an exotic new experiment. Finally we arrived at a heavy steel door. The programmer opened it. On the other side, under a new moon, was a parking lot. Crickets chirped. "There!" said the programmer. "That's where you should have parked!"

Then we played Space War on a video screen hooked to a half-million-dollar computer. Each game began with our two spaceships orbiting a central "sun" in a solar system fraught with little moons. Their orbits behaved according to Newton's laws; you had to pick up a lot of Newton in a hurry if you hoped to win. Using hand controls with four buttons, we maneuvered and shot torpedoes at each. (Continued on page 141.)

*Timothy Ferris, who writes frequently on science, is the author of The Red Limit, which will be published soon by William Morris.*

## Our Men in Mexico

We went to Mexico to shoot horses. The point was to photograph classic clothing in dusty surroundings: a slaughterhouse breeding farm outside Mexico City. Why Mexico? Because it was winter when these pictures were taken, and it would have been silly to see spring clothes at Suffolk Downs, where there was already an inch of snow on the ground. But upon our arrival, we heard rumors of a coup. The ranch owner had headed for the hills, stranding men, cameras and moviechick suits Stark for a location, we went northwest until we found the perfect location: San Miguel de Allende, a town in which a mass of cobblestone streets, courtyards and regal old homes begged to be the backdrop for these exciting new spring clothes.



Leading off our free-wheeling fashions is Dennis Hoffman in a short-sleeve safari jacket of dyed kapekin from J. Walden (\$180). Glens finished, it has a cargo pocket and slanted back. The rest colors of his lacorn-polyester-and-cotton short from Gant (\$22.50) pick up the leather tones of the jacket, his Frye boots (\$68) and his Navy-blue belt from just about any Army-Navy store. Uta wears a Mexican wedding dress over cotton pants

Peeling pastel walls set off the Robinson of color and texture in David Gander's monochromatic outfit. His polyester-and-linen vest set from Country Britches (\$150) has the feel of linen. For an unusual touch, add a Mayaguel linen tie of the same texture and tone (John Frederick, \$7.50). Accents come from the stripes of his Gant polyester-and-cotton shirt (\$22.50) and a cotton pocket square from Asher Rose. His rakish mutton drum (\$18) is from Madras Hats.





It's a daring stripe combination that David wears here. His polyester-and-cotton soccer-style pants of grey and white stripes from hood (\$36.50) work amazingly well with the black and white stripes of his cotton short from Egon Van Puyenberg for Parley/Shortsman (\$22). They're not off nearly by a black satin baseball jacket from Butterfly Management (\$36) and the black cotton-knit T-shirt worn underneath his short (Jansonia International, \$7.50). His loafers are by G.H. Bass (\$15). Her cotton miniskirt top (\$20) and jeans (\$22) are by Juvie Style '96.



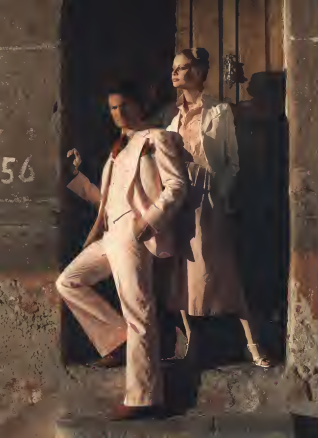
Posing before a sun-drenched terra-cotta fountain, Dennis and Uta look ready for hard labor in job overalls from Big Smith (his, \$20; hers, \$22) and band-collar shirts from San Francisco (\$10). He wears hand-stitched tie accessories from Cole-Ross (\$17); she wears suede-type boots from Wrangler (\$12). Her raffia bowler (\$16) is from Madras Hats. David is dressed in the smart casual of terry outfit from Harro. The jacket with hood and lapels is \$10, the pants, \$65. The tiny check of his cotton short from Creighton (\$30) blends nicely with the terry.

Cowboy clothes may have been designed originally for survival on the range, but the ruggedness of shape can make a pair of jeans look distinctive. The rich color of this pair is made from Leatherman's (455), coordinated handsomely with Frye boots (93). Tuck a button-down, mini-turban cotton shirt from Arthur Richards Sport (\$27.50) into carpenter jeans from Rig Smith (817) and tie on a neckerchief for a look that's a homegrown classic.



The newest thing about tunedoes is that women are wearing them. Uli's elegant three-piece silk version from Tagline Too (446) is worn with a gray-collar cotton-broadcloth shirt from San Francisco (\$30). Dennis wears a superfine wool-washed tuxedo (some natural shoulder) from Arthur Richards (826) and a broad-pleated cotton-broadcloth shirt from Bert Polster (\$47.50). The bow tie, too, is from After Six (46). Nancy's slinky Quana nylon dress is by Chana Mathado (8120) and has a three-way top to tie as she pleases.





The rough cast of stone walls plays up this melody of patina. David's outfit embodies the straightforward good looks of a three-piece cotton-cord suit from Country Broches (\$100) with a plaid cotton shirt by Pierre Cardin (\$22) and a Mayagabel linen tie from John Frederick (\$7.50). Uta's striped douppion with riding jacket from The Arthur Richards Woman (\$146) is at its knickiest best matched with a cotton-madras shirt (\$32) and front-pleated skirt (also) from Cinnamon West. Their pocket squares are from Asher.



A crisp, comfortable look—perfect for visiting the woods. Nancy is in a three-piece douppion-cord seersucker suit from Yvonne Tou (\$450). David wears a linen-look suit of polyester, cotton and flax (\$800) and a fresh white polyester-cord-cotton vest (\$25), both from Carole Clothing Company. His small-check cotton-gingham shirt is from Eagle Shirts-makers (\$24). To hold all the pieces together: a cotton-madras tie from Michel Crevat (\$7.50) and a brightly colored lapel flower here designed by Debbie Monemac.

## Red Dress, Yellow Dress

*(Continued from page 74) departing scenes in the life of David Sittenshouse. On all sides the beady eyes of animals glare at us from the shoulders of grey-haired women.*

Faula Ope lets her must-chop ice cream. Her spaghetti slide down her nose "Spare me the grief," she says.

But it is too late. The train pulls out of the station and I am a young man bound for northern lands, watching through the window as a little girl in a red dress lags at her mother's elbow. She is crying and it seems to me that if I were to leap now from the train and take her into my arms, the universe would glow to a halt and we might remain there forever, all yearning behind us, the stars fixed and visible through the darknesses of Thirteenth Street Station.

"Never in a bad dress," says Paula. Later, the trolley doors snap shut behind her and she sails away, her haircut stark tucked beneath her ears. I walk down Germantown Avenue, smoking a cigarette, knowing I look sufficiently rugged. The buses start chugging. I am trying to remember how the word "passion" for chomping the details of one failure together I would like to think it was just Paula's idea. I would like to think I have always been content with the present. Experimentally, I widen my eyes to see the present: at the corner of Chester Avenue, women with hairbrushes flash gestures to me from the windows of a dispirited crowd. They are not my kind of women; they have a length of metal tubing pinned as between their legs.

Low broadcasts culled across the table as if sewing steel, in an effort at informality. Hildegard follows, straightening. They both turn as I enter the room. They both smile.

"Hildegard fixed the dinner tonight," says Leib. The three of us stand sniffing at the air like hunting dogs. I know I am expected to comment, to say something along the lines of, "Well, it sure smells good enough to eat." But my mouth stays closed. I am overwhelmed with sadness.

Kingard disappears into the kitchen. "Gooo," I hear her say, then a terrible bawling "Gooo," she says again.

I imagine that tonight we will eat something unspeakable and I wonder if I will thereby achieve some sort of enlightenment, like that achieved by shipwreck survivors. "How long before this?" I ask Lou.

"You could," she says, "try." It is a form of response, I write down on the king-size notepad and pull from my briefcase the season's papers on Freud, Goethe, Strindberg. They are no worse than usual. One begins. "Nathaniel Hawthorne was an unhappy man who could have learned a lot about life from Hermann Hesse."

In the kitchen I hear Lous and Edde-  
gand: "What do you do with the skin  
after you take it off?"

It is getting too dark to read, but I prefer not to turn on the lamp. Instead, I sit in the bad light and imagine Paula, burrowing her fingers at the keys of an old Smith-Corona in the bedroom of her childhood. She has told me about that room in some detail: the one window giving a view of a sand-car lot, the office of Mark Whitten's bedroom, and now and then of Mark Whitten's body in various stages of undress.

"I remember the first time I saw his 'An.' Paula told me once in the sweet calm before heartbreak, 'Some day.'"

Mark Duvall would have been my student that next year and I had planned to make him pay for his young body. My last intention, suddenly

"Dinner," cried Midgaard. She sets on the table as enormous saucers. Julia puffs around it. It is hard for me to believe that this is not some kind of elaborate joke or, at least, that Luis and Hildegarde are not. I feel my wife smile at me. I have seen her smile at puppets and kittens on grating cards. It is the same smile.

"How was school?" she asks.

Fred lets slide from her mouth a strand of saliva, thick and essential as marrow. I set my lips on hers, hoping to understand.

It is early morning. The waves assault the pilings at the foot of the street. We are here at Pauline's insistence. "Tell your wife you're going to that English teachers' conference," she had said, trailing me through the lunch line. "Tell her," she had hissed, grumbling an ice-cream sandwich. I shrugged for the benefit of the cafeteria attendant, who drew on transparent gloves, preparing for surgery. I saw myself laid out across the street table, bodied down on chopped beef and frankfurters. "This won't hurt a bit," murmured the attendant, her mouth bound in a smile.

New Philadelphia whingers, "Turn your body." She is still asking. Downstairs I hear the upholsterer's capstans opening and closing, rattle, all the routine fanfare of normal lives announcing the fact I imagine Mrs. Deal, she whose smile cast each light upon our last of the previous evening that these shadows will be forever etched into her partner's wallpaper—I imagine Mrs. Deal sitting down to drink a glass of icedberg juice. I partake of the goodwill of Mrs. Deal's swallowing. I see a flock of polly clearing to her upper lip.

There's a door down there and I know it is Mr. Beal leaving; that the darkness is removed in this upstairs bedroom into its way through wood and sheet-rock. A tugboat, it snagged some stones where Mr. Beal's head and frightened him. He will never come back. Mrs. Beal will blame us for his fight. I hear his men, singing: I've told every little star, just how much I think you are . . .

"I want to tell you," she says, groggy, "I used to think I would marry you. When I was a kid in seventh grade I'd watch you either

"Marriages, sure. That's a cheering theme, too."

“...and I said, ‘Fools were I thought I’d make you embers!’ She frowns. ‘And you, what were you thinking about, sitting there, soaking up the whole place, thinking about God?’ Or maybe about getting it on in the good old scraggy bed!”

She is smiling indulgently and so I remind myself that I was, after all, a teacher! That I want to be vortmossed, not theologized! “I was thinking of you,” I say. “The way you sat there in your white dress, looking so lovely, and with Auntie Maud I was thinking of your little white underpants and your little white training bra and how I wanted to touch your hair, to feel it only on my knuckles, the point of the tips of the fingers of the Misting, and also my hand up there between your white, white legs, like this, in under the sheet.”

Later she leads me along the boardwalk. We are both bundled up against the late autumn winds.

"Look," Jerry Paula. An old man runs a brown through the empty streets of the pretty roads. There is nothing to wrap up. He finds his some delicious grandmother past the glassy newspaper that are the public machines. "Hey, old man!" Paula calls.


The man stops and turns to face us. His lips are moving and I turn to hear what he has to say. "Jerry Becker," I think I hear him intone, "it is time that I should show your carefully arranged." But he is only playing with his fingers.

Paula extends a palm crossed with rings. "Come on," she calls.

"Thank, thank," the old man answers. We leave him.

I hang back, but Paula makes for a window less visible than the one of an old-fashioned musicbox, with a window where the mirror would be. She inserts a coin and calls me over. Inside, a tiny orchestra grooves into motion. The conductor is asleep: Through a tear in his jacket I see wires and stalling. The musicians turn their heads right and left, right and left. The point has faded off of the violinist's face and his voice is nowhere in sight. She draws his bow back and forth as they move sleep through the music box.

A girl fell in love with a little wooden man. Her family disowned her, threw their striped chairs and hangers to the top of the car, driving home to Cherry Hill, leaving her there to work out the details of her disgrace alone on the boardwalk. She squandered the family fortune, another dance after dinner set.



Writing: The Surgeon General Warns That Cigarette Smoking Is

Was every cigarette  
you smoked today smooth?  
The taste of extra coolness  
makes smooth taste  
a sure thing with KOOL.  
Come up to KOOL.



Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.







Manhattan presents  
"The Natural"



**New looks for "The Natural". The famous mostly cotton "natural-blend"™ shirt, in our new Almadén Rosa Collection!**

It's the cotton that makes the difference! "The Natural"™ woven 60% cotton, 40% polyester "natural-blend" lets you have crisp, cotton comfort with all the no-iron advantages of permanent press. A Manhattan exclusive speckled with the colors and verve of famous Almadén Grenache Rosé, young America's new favorite wine. Short Sleeve Stripe \$13.00. Solid \$11.00. Long Sleeve Stripe \$15.00. Button Down Plaid \$14.00.

Our international  
customers will love it  
**Manhattan**

For the latest on this shirt by post, write to: Manhattan, 800-547-4706  
No long wait! Use 800-547-4706. In New York, 212-312-4400.

**Manhattan**

The Manhattan Shirt Company, 475 West 125th Street, New York, NY 10027. ©1991 Manhattan Shirt Company. All rights reserved. Manufactured in U.S.A. Manhattan Shirt Company is a registered trademark of Manhattan Shirt Company.

# Catch gold fever.



I caught it and I love it. Just try some icy cold Serralles Don Q® Gold Rum splashed over ice or with a touch of soda. It's smooth...light tasting. Try it. Once you do, you'll know why catching Gold Fever is a lot of fun.

**Serralles Don Q Gold Rum.**

PUERTO RICO RUM

Don Q and Don Q Gold Rum are registered trademarks of Serralles Don Q Rum Co., Inc. Puerto Rico. © 1994 Serralles Don Q Rum Co., Inc.

changing. This one—and many like it—were ending in one end and starting at the other, so that the solid earth on which you are standing is, to one way of thinking, just an unstable and transitory as one of those grains of sand. And if the ground you stand on is all that unstable, think how unstable you, yourself, must be.

On the day after the night of the full moon I decided to take a bath. The sea was hot, the ocean would be delightful, and even though I would end up with a bath of salt on over my body I knew the sea would dry it out and the wind would instantly blow it away.

I was walking up the surf, catching my breath against the wave-dragging shock of cold water against skin, when I saw the rippling line of grey under a cord of water. In fact, the grey was had caused the swell. It was maybe thirty feet from me. The grey disappeared.

I knew suddenly, instinctively, what it was, although I had never seen it before. I also knew what would happen if I had my vision see first in the inch of where I had seen the shadow. I even knew how many seconds it was before it would appear again. It was all instant. The grey swirl came on suddenly; this time it was followed, a quarter of a second later, by the fin. The fin rose from nowhere, it started steadily and smoothly through the water, a perfect pace of substructure. It disappeared again.

Then I was aware of other shadows in the water, five or six of them, and then another fin, and then another. They were swimming parallel to the shadow, feeding. I wondered what I thought the word "feeding" I did not take my bath, but I stood for a long time watching the sharks in awe.

That afternoon I noticed that the black fog seemed to be acting differently. Her coating seemed more frothy, as if she had a dimple in her. It was only then that I had enough sense to examine the sky and see the stars that was coming. That evening, as I was trying to sleep, some unexpected food, the best lightning started, playing all across the ocean in front of me. The moon did not rise on schedule that night, and I knew that the clouds had moved in. The wind picked up. And then there was an onslaught of lightning that covered everything, three hundred sixty degrees, and the wind turned and the rain fell.

I retired for ten minutes and played and the tree frogs began to sing. And then the wind came through again and the heavy rain started. It moved off and on through the night.

The next day was a creature of clouds and sun. The wind was the most precious feature of this day; it was a low swishing off in the distance, coming from the southwest, a wave that seemed the sound of the surf and that reminded me of the feeling you get when Indian women sit on one side and finally have to admit to yourself that

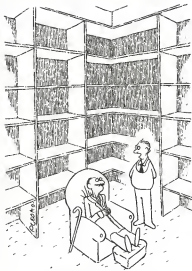
winter is coming. There was a swelling in the wind, putting all the leaves and Spanish moss and vines in motion and driving the water out of me into whitecaps. It was at about this time that I became homesick.

I had never pretended to myself that the island was my home. Very few people can call an island their home. An island, if it is a proper island, is a place where you go to restore yourself, recharge yourself, test yourself, understand a little more about yourself, a place to live, to try to understand, even to church, maybe to worship a place where you may escape for a while from vulgarity. For only a few extremely lucky people can it be home. Most of us will never be able to find into a pair of spirit shells and see the fragments of Indian pottery.

I packed the tent up and sold goodbye to the black boy. I told her I would be back tomorrow, and I washed her back, and I kissed her. I was crossing the second causeway, keeping one eye out for bears and for the old algaean who lives there, when I saw the extra shadow.

The sea was behind me, and so my shadow was cast upon the path in front of me. I could see my shadow clearly, but I also could see another shadow, moving gracefully in and out of it. It was a bird, a very large bird, like the ones I had seen elsewhere on the island.

I was certain now, in a strange and disconcerting way, that the bird was following me—wearing a film on its collecting my vision, my degree of vulnerability, my relative strength and



"Don't you think it'd be more fun to collect things that aren't as rare, Pop?"









For the first time... a complete film study series with highlights from the world's cinema masterpieces. At last, a definitive illustration including the work of Bergman, Chaplin, Fellini, Kurosawa, Truffaut, Welles and other great film artists

JANUS FILMS  
presents

# THE ART OF FILM

Written and Produced by  
Saul A. Turell & Jeff Lieberman  
Narrated by Rod Serling

6 Film Volumes, Each 22 minutes, color  
Screenwriting • The Camera • Performance  
Music and Sound • The Edited Image • The Director  
Comprehensive Study Guide and Bibliography  
Background Text with In-Depth Essays  
Special series purchase price: \$1650.  
Individual titles \$295 each.

Write for complete purchase and rental information

**perspective**  
films  
309 West Erie Street Chicago, Illinois 60602  
(312) 332-7626

## "The Winning of The West" Mounted Treasuries of Rare Historic U.S. Coins



(Set #4471)



(Set #4481)



(Set #4491)

(Set #4491)

Get this coupon today!

### BONUS COUPON

THE KENNEDY MINT  
1 Kennedy Circle, Cleveland  
OH 44102



**Please act quickly!  
Quantities are Available  
During This Offer Only!**

**Introducing:** "The Winning of The West"—a golden opportunity to possess four magnificent and increasingly valuable collections of U.S. Rare and U.S. coins. Most disappeared from circulation more than 30 years ago! Each collection appears as a beautiful, gilded, hand-colored reproduction from hand-colored originals, with an early western scene, specially commissioned by the Kennedy Mint. Each is mounted and housed in a 14" x 10" solid wood without finished frame.

American collecting display the year like proud to have on your living room? On a office wall? Museums in a full graying? Ideal as gifts for all occasions and all ages. Your satisfaction is guaranteed by the Kennedy Mint 15-day examination period. Use reason of right to return!

#### Winning of The West Collection

A showcase of 37 coins of historic and intrinsic value that trace the drama and history of the American West.

#### Special Reserve Offer! (Set #3148)

When you place your order for all 4 magnificent collections you will receive all 4 additional not a big, beautiful, hand-colored copy of "The Cowboys" by Time Life Books. More than 200 pages of historic adventure, and previously unpublished early photos. Library-size brown cover in

authentic saddle design, a full \$8.95 value!

**You May Charge Your Winning of The West Collection to:**

✓ Your American Express BankAmericard, Master Charge, Diners Club account; if you wish Charge or Cash, you're prompted by the Kennedy Mint 15-day examination period.

**"The American Indian" (Set #5442)**—A winning portrait of a noble civilization portrayed by hand-colored Indian Head coins minted between 1850-1899. Every coin in this collection is guaranteed to be at least 47 years old! Only \$19.95 plus \$2.00 shipping and handling.

**"The Way West" (Set #4471)**—A highly placed grouping of Buffalo nickels in the center of "American" drama by an expert hand of a bygone era. Every coin in this collection is guaranteed to be at least 58 years old! Only \$19.95 plus \$2.00 shipping and handling.

**"The Pony Express" (Set #5443)**—Through the westerns he rode, guiding the horse's speed, "wired" Mustang drives at 100% pure drive. Every coin in this collection is guaranteed to be at least 51 years old! Only \$19.95 plus \$2.00 shipping and handling.

**"The Round-Up" (Set #4491)**—A vivid scene of cowboys with their hand before dark—very rare and difficult coins to assemble—each at 80% pure drive. Every coin in this collection is guaranteed to be at least 65 years old! Only \$19.95 plus \$2.00 shipping and handling.

Set #4471: \$14.95 (includes your bonus copy of "The Cowboys" by Time Life Books) only \$17.95 plus \$4.00 shipping and handling.  
Set #4481: "The American Indian" only \$19.95 plus \$2.00 shipping and handling.  
Set #4491: "The Pony Express" only \$19.95 plus \$2.00 shipping and handling.  
Set #4491: "The Round-Up" only \$19.95 plus \$2.00 shipping and handling.

Bring us C.O.D. • Please make check payable to the Kennedy Mint.

Please charge to: ☐ BankAmericard ☐ Diners Club  
☐ Master Charge ☐ American Express

Name  Title   
Address   
City  State  Zip   
Telephone No.

TO ORDER CALL TOLL FREE 800-325-9336





drunk boys with a little red in it. I am pleased to be able to report as well that Dolly has a sense of humor about her wig. Tammy told Anna that, "I got to fly back from England with Dolly and her groom. A bunch of us had the back of a 747 all to ourselves and we found a guitar and sang and had the best time. We had a yellow cloth and several Dolly's wig up and she would have liked to see I just love Dolly. She kept on the floor talking about the time her wig came off and she across a green pond where she was ice-skating. It had a smail on it and was just sitting there on the ice looking like a person's head. And Dolly and her band kept slipping, trying to get over to rescue it."

Ah, I'll live with me of Dolly wants to keep her manes under a wig as appropriate as that. I just hope nobody is trying to keep her out of the conceptual company of Loretha and Tammy, because she is the only person in the world qualified to belong in it.

Let me tell you now what is my most vivid impression of Dolly. It turns five years ago. Forty seconds and I play it often. It compares two cups on her last album, *Cool of Many Colors*. The front of this album's cover bears a tinted version of her first album photo, showing her looking lonely and seven years old. She is wearing a multicolored sundress. Her mother had saved her that photo, she explained to her son gaily, "I made her stand on the back of the album cover, and she was proud of it, although it was made of ruin." But when I got to attend the next day the other children laughed at my seat and I couldn't understand why because to me it was beautiful. To me it was the beauty and being sensitive. This always has, I cried but I was so proud of my seat and the thought of having my parents made for that. That's why I thought my tears. And the tears are glass in the past and in the work."

Well, it is a little more than I might doubt that while the tears are indeed clearly visible in that tinted picture on the front, so also in the smaller, black-and-white reproduction of the photo on the back, they aren't there at all in another reproduction of the same photo on the cover of an earlier album, *My Tennessee Mountain Home*.

But who could question two or three tears in the face of what may be America's most famous country-musically renowned singer? I'm sorry we have no video system.

So with justice to my brother  
And hope to keep my share  
In my mind of my own share  
I have and I'll be there  
Just in the other halfpenny  
And making two of me  
In my mind of my own share  
That I have made for me

And I couldn't understand it  
For I felt I was not  
And I felt you of the love  
My share made in every child  
In my mind of my own share  
I can't get on. Anybody who doesn't love that song as Dolly sings it in her little-girl voice in a medley of her

Of course it could be called "Mend-It-Just, however, as one is about to tell it that, through one's tears and smiles, Dolly as the album swings right into a contrasting song she wrote called "Remember Me."

The man I loved was a salesman's mate  
Selling goods from house to house  
And I knew my name could never  
stand  
For me stepping out with an ironing  
man

Means didn't allow me a going-over  
And I told her how that I missed  
I wrote

Well I made plans to see you  
With that dress-up on Saturday  
But Saturday is here and here I  
stand

I've given my name with that  
Dressing man

Oh that dressing man was a down-side  
lover  
Took my love, and he took my mother  
And I didn't know...

My name was in it with that  
dressing man  
Copyright 1971 by Country Pub. Co.

"You just lost my daddy," murmurs  
Dolly in tears as the song dies away  
"He ran off before I ever knew him  
And I really don't think I ever knew  
you either..."

These pain my name  
with my brother's name. I'm really going  
to tell that dressing man."

Also, Lord. This song is not entirely  
gratuitous, but it sure does reveal our  
appreciation of Dolly's sensibility  
about her other songs have a better  
sense of self-depression ("My life  
is like a soap bubble, and I may  
have part of what you've looked for").

I am a lover that wants to be a winner  
You are my look love, don't turn me  
out? But if she has her little  
childhood's dream, she will  
it up in a fine understanding song—and  
all those L.A. guys sing on it.

Country music singers sing as singing  
is, in varied and growing forms. Old  
Crystal Gayle has a bit of good story in  
her songs and her looks, Marshall  
Chapman looks like a cross between  
Russell and Hanky Pato, and plays

He asked that I be his for a return,  
But I had had no feeling in this  
business. "All me was down," he would  
whisper, more frequently than I felt  
me reasonable. He needed approval of  
all his partners, of everything he did  
and every day. I would hear him say  
"I want it. I want it." "The you have to be  
honest," he would say.

What I could have honestly was his  
whole heart. He was a man. He was  
P.M. style in which he did not seem  
the AM like perhaps but spoke in a  
cool, reflective voice. He talked about  
books, about the way of people  
from Ben Hart and told stories from  
his childhood. But the key to his show

the electric guitar like it was a machine  
gun, and he'd make that machine gun  
sound and at the same time softly every-  
body in the arena to shape up back. I  
heard her sing a song she wrote called  
"Remember Me" to the N.Y. hit:

I was real I was real  
I was like in a machine and still  
would like a man  
And I knew... I knew an outside  
where I was not

You got what I like to have me on  
that all me ever do is get you off  
Come on and tell me how  
From the day you'll never get enough  
Copyright 1971 by Country Pub. Co.

(Oral sex is illegal in Tennessee). Mar-  
shall's friend Joe Wahl has already  
helped her form her own publishing com-  
pany.

And of course there's Memphis Har-  
ris, who never did songs and appears  
now from her own old words. And Barbara  
Hendall, who has been around long  
enough to have a \$125,000 touring bus  
and who never sings. "Have you  
ever seen Barbara Hendall sing?" And  
Tanya Tucker, who has been a star for  
four years, since she was fourteen, and  
who, when suddenly complimented her  
as her best friend, said, "I'm falling  
out of it. Thank God."

But right now I am going to put on  
some well-known albums and spend some  
time hoping Dolly won't go wrong and  
overturn on Tammy to spell her  
words right and trying to follow Lore-  
tha.

I guess Loretha would say it was  
moving her children's childhood, or her  
own. But it's like when Maria says her  
husband's husband on the beach, she  
is to the Lighthouse. "I... they accused her,  
but Maria said nothing, all the way  
up to the top of the cliff. It was her  
grandmother's house!" she would rather  
have said anything but that, and yet  
Nancy felt it might be true that she  
couldn't keep her mouth, but she wasn't  
strong only for that. She was crying for  
something else. We might all sit down  
and say, the fact that she did not know  
what for.

trying to follow Loretha is the  
best of that but trailing clouds of glory  
and crying.

Come in with that story. Don't, don't,  
Don't, don't, don't, don't.

He asked that I be his for a return,  
But I had had no feeling in this  
business. "All me was down," he would  
whisper, more frequently than I felt  
me reasonable. He needed approval of  
all his partners, of everything he did  
and every day. I would hear him say  
"I want it. I want it." "The you have to be  
honest," he would say.

What I could have honestly was his  
whole heart. He was a man. He was  
P.M. style in which he did not seem  
the AM like perhaps but spoke in a  
cool, reflective voice. He talked about  
books, about the way of people  
from Ben Hart and told stories from  
his childhood. But the key to his show

He asked that I be his for a return,  
But I had had no feeling in this  
business. "All me was down," he would  
whisper, more frequently than I felt  
me reasonable. He needed approval of  
all his partners, of everything he did  
and every day. I would hear him say  
"I want it. I want it." "The you have to be  
honest," he would say.

What I could have honestly was his  
whole heart. He was a man. He was  
P.M. style in which he did not seem  
the AM like perhaps but spoke in a  
cool, reflective voice. He talked about  
books, about the way of people  
from Ben Hart and told stories from  
his childhood. But the key to his show

He asked that I be his for a return,  
But I had had no feeling in this  
business. "All me was down," he would  
whisper, more frequently than I felt  
me reasonable. He needed approval of  
all his partners, of everything he did  
and every day. I would hear him say  
"I want it. I want it." "The you have to be  
honest," he would say.

What I could have honestly was his  
whole heart. He was a man. He was  
P.M. style in which he did not seem  
the AM like perhaps but spoke in a  
cool, reflective voice. He talked about  
books, about the way of people  
from Ben Hart and told stories from  
his childhood. But the key to his show



for a  
world  
of good  
thought  
and great  
times

The world's a ball, take it from Esquire. A global symposium for the energetic mind. A pinetree playground of sight, sound, and manual stimulation. A united state of mind, where new ideas are born, old ones challenged, and where fan-fiction-writer takes up the stick.

How do you get there? Follow Esquire. If your monthly guide to all the things that make life worth the trip.

KEEP YOUR FINGERS ON THE PULSE  
AND WATCH FOR SIGNS OF LIFE

Like the great escape: the food and drink, lively arts and leisure time sales, off, personalities, fashion, photography, sports, and travel.

Like the parts of the press, the movers and the shakers. The most provocative journalists, most outstanding novelists and thinkers of this year or any other.

Like Esquire's orbiter view of what's happening where: everything that rambles, ovels, and shakes life to its roots.

GET IN TOUCH TODAY, SAVE BIG \$

Esquire's price for 12 issues at the newsstand is \$18.00. But guess what? The coupon here will deliver the same 12 issues for only \$9.99. Hell, price. And there's no need to send money now. The important thing is to mail the coupon today. And get in touch.

...keep in touch  
with  
**Esquire**

SEND ME 12 GREAT ISSUES...JUST \$9.99

(half the newsstand cost)

☐ Payment enclosed ☐ Bill me later

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip \_\_\_\_\_

— SPECIAL OFFER —

Include payment with your order  
and get ESQUIRE 5 September 1972  
page "Start of 40 Years" calendar  
FREE

COMPLETE AND MAIL TO:

ESQUIRE, P.O. BOX 104, BOULDER, COLORADO 80502

\*OFFER VALID IN U.S. ONLY. ADDITIONAL SERVICE WILL  
BEEN WITHIN 10 TO 15 DAYS

ESQUIRE MARCH 1972







valerie-talks and revolver bulges at the waist of their plain dark suits. They station themselves around the hotel entrance and even at the flower beds. They have the place surrounded.

There have been no phone calls—or at least that is the word from the desk. French cops nervously around the room. He thinks that something is already known about CIA. Cohen and Sherman must be the key to where's happening, but he doesn't know what it is. He tells everything he knows to Rothchild, going all the way back through Pro and the pro-Castro student movement. Rothchild thinks French has lost his mind. It is clear, he thinks, French believes that Rothchild is lying down on the bed postulating not to be awake, that he has fallen into a trap. It is clear, French figures

That is all news through, but it is not the contact French wants. It is in fact, who has been about a room at the Hilton (even though she has a reservation) and she doesn't reach anybody at the U.S. Embassy, like wonders what the hell is going on. French tells her the situation at the AVE, but she decides to come away; there are lots of rooms and at least the reporters are there now suddenly.

It takes a long time, too long, for French to show up. French wanders downstairs, Rothchild waits by the phone for calls that never come. There is no answer at the desk. The clerk is telling French there are no rooms available. Like even though the bank of steps is behind him in full view. He holds that position for about five minutes, then retreats to "there are some problems with you people I can't give you a room." He seems nervous. Everybody there seems knowing a woman a room at that time in Venezuela is a serious violation of the three-line code. The three reporters left about it, but they can't do any more around without being followed, almost researched, to stop. There are now at least six of

them in the lobby at all times. Rothchild knows he will sleep in a room in the lobby, and she wonders if she should put on her audition for the cops. She puts her hair back on and, and the bellhop drops her over to a better one with a green room. He could have been opening the door to the smoking room.

After finally securing the lobby for pay phones, the reporters agree that they have to make a move for the room so they can talk near a phone. The three make their way up the stairs like a team, talking between themselves. They take their time, so are steps faster.

French offers French his bed, saying he will sleep on the floor. Rothchild doesn't say anything, but his presence tells him it is foolish to give the Venezuelans a chance to arrest them under the pretext of immoral conduct. Rothchild keeps opening the door because of his presence. French keeps clearing it because of his. He doesn't want to be behind in an area and Rothchild are not communicating much with each other by now. Each is worried that whatever he says the other will think it is easy.

French tries to phase her out of the room, but it becomes clear after about an hour of waiting that the desk clerk isn't going to put through her call. French still seems to be available, but when he calls French, he is in bed of someone, but these people are in their own delicate situation and French doesn't want to lose their careers by calling at four a.m. or what is certainly a stupid line. French can't get an answer at the U.S. Embassy. Rothchild has nobody to call, and that is not his problem. French is in a connected with the situation, but he is sure that the police will figure he is the heavy—deep-cover CIA, man out of retirement from the Encyclopedia.

By elimination, the reporters are the only one person in Venezuela they could arrest. French has

figured out, from her work to the Avenue Hilton, what Jose Ricardo Morales is doing on and she knows she knows what his room number is. Her plan is to call him directly. It is clearly a desperate move. French runs up Morales at the Avenue Hilton, associates for the hour and begins to explain her predicament, but it is clear they are not going well. Morales is actually in a room that he is in. "You aren't Ricardo Morales!" French says immediately. "You know me and I know you. I talked to your neighbor in Miami yesterday. His family is fine and he sends his warmest regards."

There is a pause and French begins to sound like a puncher on *Wheelie the Lion*. "You've never heard of a Morales? Who are you then? Your room number location. You're not a Venezuelan. You sound Cuban. Are you a Cuban?" Morales says he is tired of being interrupted in his sleep, he hangs up the phone.

An air of pessimism has settled over the room. It is almost morning and the guests are still standing by the beds. The reporters are under some kind of heavy tension. They feel trapped. They wonder why Morales has just denied being himself. Maybe all this is happening because they know who he is and Morales from here will run his own identity. Or maybe Morales doesn't want French to reveal his background as an ex-convict in Venezuela. The reporters lack that notion around, but it doesn't fit. It seems possible that the Venezuelans don't know about Morales' previous lives, which are talked about all the time in the Miami rumor mill.

French pants around the room, trying to make his mind come up with a focus. He even asks French whether she is grounding some secret that might have caused the trouble. French says no and justifies this without the question. The reporters already trust each other collectively, but the way world doesn't to reveal them up, too. They decide then it is better to do something by anything to reach the outside world in the morning before getting shut out of the DOD.

French goes off to the lobby for some sleep on her couch. French tells French, still the rumor about the supernatural element between French and French, saying he's even heard French had been staying in Morales' apartment. But it doesn't make any sense. Nothing else, French believes on and he finally runs out of nervous energy. "Well, John," he says, looking slowly as he walks into the bed, "I was right about one thing. I told you it wouldn't be a boring weekend."

**Wonder Vision One**  
It is five-story tall, and somebody is peering at the door. Rothchild, a light sleep, jumps out of bed. He opens the door just a crack, and then the door is thrown back so fast it hangs against the wall like a parachute. A sun is a green net with a long valerie-talks hanging from its left butt past Rothchild, throwing in all the light.

Forget about the myth that somehow it is wrong to help your child learn to read. Here's what one authority says about it.

**"Once parents understand how reading is taught in the schools, they should certainly play a role in their children's reading instruction. In fact, the continuity of instruction between home and school — when it is based on common understandings — can do wonders for children's all-around progress."**

Norman Dale PhD, Junior President  
International Reading Association

## You helped your child learn to walk and talk. Now help your child learn to read.

Stepping Stone Books replace what your child learns in school. Each set of books contains complete plans in easy to understand Florida Guide that helps you take full advantage of the educational value of these fine books.

**Your child wants to read and expects your help.** Children are fascinated with words. They love books — even before they know what is in them. And it's natural for them to want to you, their parent and very first teacher, for guidance and encouragement. So, when you give your child the Stepping Stone Books, you're giving them a head start on reading. And you're giving them a little help and a lot of love. Your child is sure to catch on quickly. In today's world it's natural that children learn to read — but it's not natural that they learn to walk and talk.

**Once you know the method, helping your child read better is easy.**

The method used in the Stepping Stone Books is called phonics by educators. You can think of it as the way and way approach to reading. What it does is relate the sounds of our language to three printed symbols, the letters of the alphabet. To demonstrate: if your child knows the sound of the letter in the word sound of the letter a, and the sound of the letter n, then your child is able to sound out the word sound. And sound, every time your child sees the word sound in print, he or she will read it easily.

**Stepping Stone Books are something special. They break like fun. They are method with delight.**

Stepping Stone Books are designed in full color and are easy for your child to read. Each book is a complete little story. The books include an exciting variety of subject matter. There are travel stories, such as a story about Mexico City, as well as stories that feature both boys and girls as active roles. There are stories about farm life, about the sea, and about a boy named Gene who lives in the South. The books, written by a reading teacher, develop reading skills while giving their child happy stories. The vocabulary is controlled. The words used to tell the stories are words specially chosen to help children master the use and way approach to reading.

**Your child deserves a head start in reading — from you!**

### Order Now.

The Stepping Stone Books come in two sets. There are two different orders in each set.  
A specially written Florida Guide comes with each set.

Set 1, all different books that after perfect in reading simply cover sound words, like cat and dog and pig and so on.

Set 2, 20 different books that focus on long sound words such as color, bear, goat and line.

Set 3, 20 different books that focus on long sound words such as color, bear, goat and line.

Set 4, 20 different books that focus on long sound words such as color, bear, goat and line.

Set 5, 20 different books that focus on long sound words such as color, bear, goat and line.

### STEPPING-STONE BOOKS

P.O. Box 1022, Sarasota, Florida 34231

Mail this special order form and save!

<input type="checkbox"/> Set 1 \$24.95	<input type="checkbox"/> Set 2 \$24.95	<input type="checkbox"/> Both sets \$49.90
Please charge by <input type="checkbox"/> Mail order <input type="checkbox"/> Bank/Amexcard Card No. _____ Expiration Date _____		
Name _____ Address _____ City _____ State _____ Zip _____ Signature _____		

(All orders must be prepaid)

















# COMING UP IN APRIL ESQUIRE

## A LOOK INSIDE THE HOLLYWOOD HEADLINE MACHINE!

In case you haven't noticed, the latest thing on the scene is your newspaper. Real people, real events, real names, real bar office. *News Stories of Ebbets*. The Gary Bismore story. The life of Don DeLillo. What's going on? Why the sudden obsession? Esquire will tell you and show you how it all works and who is responsible.

## NORMAN MAILER REMEMBERS THAT SPRING AT HARVARD

It was 1948 and boyhood was in its fading moments. And the staff of *The Harvard Advocate* was intent on preserving those moments as long as it could. A warm, wonderful piece of writing.

## CAN ESQUIRE'S ANGELS PUT CHARLIE'S ANGELS TO SHAME?

Are Parakk and company really our measure of womanhood these days? Really, America, are they the best we can do? Next month, four pages of scorching insight.

## WHY MORE AND MORE (NICE) PEOPLE ARE GOING TO THE RACES

In this colorful section on the thoroughbreds, Esquire tells (a) why more and younger people are going to the track, (b) how certain betting systems are better than others, (c) what bookies will make the races even more exciting, (d) how to make the most of all that motion time before races. No there.

## PLUS:

A report on how Detroit now feels about the convertible question; important new fiction from Don DeLillo, and the always fine views of Bloom, Cress, Mann, Dunne, Branch and Ephraim.

**APRIL ESQUIRE  
ON YOUR NEWSSTAND  
MARCH 22**

# Raise the roof tonight in a Dodge Charger.

If you can't wait to see that evening sun go down, the '77 Charger is your special car. Made for people who come out to play after dark. And now you can make a night of it in a Charger that will come the night inside.

Just remove the transparent panels of the optional T-Bar roof, and you're cruising in a Charger that's almost a convertible. Come alive in the improving breeze as you settle into the high-back bucket seats. For certain, you



and your Charger were born for the night. A standard 318 V8 teams up with TorqueFlite automatic transmission to give Charger a response that's anything but everyday.

When the day starts to fade and you're ready to shift into high gear, you need the car that can light up the night—Charger. Why let another sun go down without driving one? You can buy or lease an exciting new '77 Charger from your nearby Dodge Dealer today.



THE NIGHT BELONGS TO CHARGER.

# Benson & Hedges 100's

I was trying to  
be sophisticated  
and then  
it happened.

*that's the breaks.*



Regular and Menthol  
in soft and hard pack

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined  
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

17 mg. "tar," 1.1 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette—hard pack, by FTC Method;  
18 mg. "tar," 1.1 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette—soft pack, FTC Report Apr. '76.